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GARHWALI KIDS

Photo: Aamir Ali.

American Correspondent's Hairbreadth Escape In Yugoslavia:

'SORRY, I HAVE ORDERS TO SHOOT YOU!'

—Page 5.

AN UNEMPLOYED JOURNALIST

A Pseudobiography

By H. G. MUDGAL

As a good writer I write many stories, sketches, articles on world politics, economic reconstruction national politics, widows, bloated banias, goats, cockroaches, unspoiled virgins and what not. But my writings suffer from one defect. That is, they demand payment. Not only that. Each piece carries a price tag, that too one price. Not to be bargained at. So they all come back home to roost.

My good wife, who loves a tidy home, thinks that my returned manuscripts are an unmitigated nuisance to her good housekeeping. So she destroys them all.

"Hm!" What's the big idea? I feign to anger. "Who gave you the right to destroy my manuscripts?"

"Either what you write brings cash or you stop writing. Instead, let us raise chickens!"

My anger vanishes. Anyway I cannot raise the chickens. The good woman is sensible. Isn't it true. after all, that an intelligent woman has more economic sense than a philosopher?

This was a striking train of thought.

The Indian journalists are bending double under the burden of their mission which is to live in poverty and perpetual want and dodge their creditors eternally.

The real cause for this sorry scheme of things is not capitalism nor hard-hearted proprietors nor indifferent and selfish editors as some wild-eyed professionals would like to believe. The real cause is soft-hearted, gutless wives who do not know how to thrash their journalist husbands for not selling their writings for a price.

Well, after this far-reaching, radical research into the true causes of our journalists' poverty I started tapping my fine mind (a statement of fact only) for some stories and articles. Presto! in one day I wrote two stories and two articles. I typed them neatly, priced them and mailed them to the exalted editor (I exalted him in anticipation) or "The Daily Mocker."

*

And was I excited? Within forty-eight hours a special sepoy brings a letter for me. For me! From the editor of The "Daily Mocker" himself!

I open it quickly. Ah! "With reference to your interesting stories and articles I would like to have a talk with you. Will you be good enough to call at my office this afternoon?"

*

"Yes, Mr. Editor. Pleased to meet you."

"Please, sit down."

"Thank you." I sit down.

"This 'Unemployed Journalist' is good. It contains, say 1500 words. You want for it Rs. 100.

"This 'Light Friction' is excellent. It also contains about 1500 words, and your price is Rs. 100.

"The 'Mahatmics' is a shrewd political commentary. "Churchill's Wayward Cigar' is a rapier thrust in international politics. They are both of about 1200 words each and you want for them Rs. 50 each. But...."

"Yes?" I just wanted to encourage him, in a beguiling voice, to start writing a cheque.

"You demand too high a price. You want Rs. 300 for a little over 5000 words. How long did it take you to write these pieces?"

"Six hours."

"And you want Rs. 300 for six hours' work?"

"Look here, Mr. Accountant, For one thing I may never see the face of another buyer for the next six months, who is willing to pay cash for my writings. And for another thing I had to study for more than six years in the University, paying through my nose ...."

The editor smiled and used a mollycoddling tactic. "Suppose then I give you a steady job. How much do you want?"

"Rs. 400 a week. Payment every week."

"What? Rs. 1600 a month? What can you do for it?"

"Oh, what can a clever writer do for Rs. 1,600? Let's see. I can for instance, sweep the floors!"

"Stop kidding...."

"Or I can supervise the work of the editor...."

"Don't be impertinent, young man."

"Or anything else you may assign or just loaf!"

"Sir, you have too high an opinion of your writing abilities."

I got up, snatched the manuscripts, tore them to pieces and tossed them up into the air I was afraid that my wife would get wild (of course, not with joy) if I took them back home.

"You damn fool!" the editor shouted at me indignantly. "Such good stuff you are trying to destroy. You, vandal!"

"Such good stuff, yeah? But not worth the cash!"

As I opened his swinging door to walk out without even a goodbye, I saw the editor kneel down on the floor and pick up the torn pieces of my manuscripts.

Finally I hit the fresh air and sighed. "That's that. Such is the life of a good journalist in India, the land of spiritualism."

*

POST SCRIPT. The next morning the accursed sepoy of The "Daily Mocker" knocked at my door again and handed me a letter and receipt to sign. I signed it, told the sepoy gruffly to get the hell out and tossed the letter away.

My good wife who was dusting the furniture got hold of that letter. "You want me to throw this away?"

"Do." I was disgusted.

"Why don't you read it before I throw it away?"

"Oh, it's just junk. Ditch it."

But curiosity has never killed a woman yet. So she opened and read it. The next moment she shouted gleefully. "Hurrah! we are going to raise the chickens! Three cheers for Indian journalism!"

"What's up?" I asked, annoyed at the woman's sarcasm.

"You listen to what the editor of The "Daily Mocker" says: 'Sir: Herewith enclosed cheque for Rs. 300|- for your two stories and two articles which you tore up in my office yesterday and which I have taken the trouble to patch together.

'Also I am enclosing a three year contract on your own terms: Rs. 400 a week, payment every week.

'Please report for work at nine in the morning next Monday. Your first assignment is to sweep the floors."

"Isn't he cute!" And she flourished the cheque and the contract.

"Hm!" I said importantly to my wife. "The fellow has a sense of values and a sense of humour too. Not bad, not bad. There is still a great future awaiting Indian journalism."

SHORT STORY By ANANT

HEREWITH ENCLOSING....

"Hadn't you been to Poona?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes. I was there for only four days, that's all. Came back yesterday," he said.

I sipped the tea the boy had brought and then, "Why did you go and come in such a hurry?" I asked and added as an afterthought," if I may ask of course".

He smiled. "The Bombay Chronicle" has advertised for short stories. haven't they? You are a short story writer. Will you write a story for me and send it to them? You are in need of cash and as for me . . . well, I want to satisfy my conscience."

"O. K., fire ahead. To the Editor, etc.: Dear Sir, Herewith enclosing a short story and one and a half anna stamps for its immediate return if not accepted," I said jocularly.

"No, old boy, not one and a half anna, only nine pies—they send it back by book-post. Apart from that, where shall I begin?"

"Once upon a time . . . ", I suggested.

". . . there was a middle class family in Bombay. You know how to write about that. The human touch and what not. The father getting enough yet not too rich. Create a sort of petty bourgeois atmosphere. There were three sons. The eldest and the youngest were very good looking but unfortunately the second son was just the opposite of the other two. Eh chokra, aur ek pani kam cha lao! Will you have another tea?"

I said I would have some plantains.

"This second boy was mocked, taunted and teased always by the other two. Even the parents joined in sometimes, but in a more jocular vein. All the same, it had the same effect. He was a sort of Ugly Duckling in the family. As a matter of fact, he was not so ugly as all that, but then, everything is relative, you know. For example you are clever; I happen to be cleverer still—almost brilliant, so to say, therefore, to me you appear a bit of a dunce. Do you get it? When the two boys were very handsome, the other chap appeared ugly. Simple logic.

"Then you must introduce the psychological effect on Vishwanath"—that was the name of the Ugly Duckling. "The anger locked up in his breast and accumulating daily. His absolute helplessness to retaliate. A gradual development of a tendency to pity himself. His hatred of all people. His envy, jealousy, and so on. This psychological part is rather difficult, I know, but I trust you will do justice to it."

"There was one illuminating feature. Viswanath was very clever. He passed first everywhere and secured simply brilliant marks. As he grew older, the other two began respecting him just a little, but Vishwanath still felt that they disliked him. The first impression persists, you understand."

He leaned back in his chair and lighting his own and then my cigarette, blew a puff before he resumed the narrative.

"Vishwanath became a professor in some college. His lectures were very fascinating and in the meanwhile he had started writing some books. In his class there was a girl called Nalini who liked him. Mind you, he didn't like her, 'she' liked him. Not a very beautiful girl, but attractive all the same, you know the sort. Now, you can introduce me into the picture. How would you describe me?" I told him, and we had a good laugh.

"I had passed my M.B.B.S. and had just set up a practice when Vishwanath introduced me to her. Now you must show how Nalini loved Vishwanath passionately. Why? Nobody can tell that. Perhaps because he was so brilliant and she too, being rather intelligent, admired him. Admiration develops. Then she hooks him. I am just giving you the bare outlines. You will have to use your grey matter in the head and fill in the rest."

I nodded knowingly and said, "Oh yes, I know to do that. A moonlit night . . ."

He cut me short and barked at me." No you idiot, no moonlight and over-sentimental stuff for heaven's sake. Be human, do you understand, just human. Don't go in for flowery language and poetic flares. And above all, understand, she cared for him. He might have reciprocated of course but I do not think so.

"Now comes the toughest part of all, for you I mean . . . the post-marriage period. Oh God!! Even you will not be able to do justice to the human emotion involved. The way Vishwanath taunted her, tormented her let loose on her his vengeance against the world. The almost demoniac and sadistic zeal he displayed in hurting her. The way Nalini began to feel it yet still persisted in her love. How she became pale, sickly, hysterical. The nervous strain. The working of Vishwanath's mind must be carefully analysed and given. You must understand that he had never forgotten, nor forgiven his childhood. He was waiting to have his own back on his brothers, on man, humanity, the world. Waiting, waiting to have his tit-for-tat his Vendetta. And at last he got the chance—through Nalini. He denied her all her pleasure, in life, made her work hard, denied her even physical pleasure, bodily satisfaction, and peace. And for once in his life, he was feeling equal with everybody else.

"Five days ago I received a wire from Vishwanath. It said that Nalini was seriously ill. He never wanted to get rid of her altogether. He wanted to keep her alive and mercilessly torture her, and thus have his vengeance on the world. Nalini was more than seriously ill——she was a nervous wreck! When I saw her I wondered and wondered what I could do. With all my understanding of human psychology, I just couldn't make things out. I was perplexed, confused. If I saved her, her life would still be hell for afterwards. The second day she herself gave me a solution. 'Doctor,' she pleaded, 'can't you finish me off? What joy have I in life living like this, worse than an animal? I told her it was out of question. 'Just an overdose,' she begged. And what do you think I did?"

I was at loss to answer.

"I gave an overdose!"

"What?" I cried amazed, "you poisoned her".

"No," he answered, smiling softly, "I think I saved her life thereby."

A few minutes after I had digested the story. I realised how sensational it was. It would make a very good story if written out nicely, I thought. No need to enclose nine pies stamps now. That is the way we journalists—at least, I——look at life. Human emotion translated into words means cash, currency notes, and that means two meals a day for a long time.

"Will you write it for me?" he asked.

"Of course, it's simply grand, capital. But how did you know all about the Ugly Duckling's childhood——the three brothers and all that, I mean?"

"Oh that", he said waving his had as if it was an almost silly question?" you see, I happen to be Ugly Duckling's elder brother. . . . ."

"You said you were only going out for a five minutes chat with Johnson."
"I know my dear, but you know how he stutters."

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I Was A Teacher In Moscow'

An Englishwoman's Firsthand Report On Soviet System Of Education

By DEANA LEVIN

Miss Levin went to Moscow in 1933 and taught at the Anglo-American school. Her story is a story of progress under difficulties; of the turning of a backward nation into one where, she points out, the educational standard of the fifteen-year-old secondary pupil in the big cities compares more than favourably with those of England.

Soviet school children are alive, alert, intelligent.

I first went to Moscow in 1933 and got a job as a teacher in the Anglo-American school there.

But I don't want to tell you just about by school. You know, I think so many people have got the wrong impression of the present-day Soviet Union—impressions formed on what it was like, say, twenty years ago. I don't think you can count the first ten years of its existence—it was only war and famine then. But today it is very different.

Aiming At Ten-Year School

Soviet schools are of one type—the seven-year school, which is free and compulsory for all children from eight to fifteen. They are co-educational, and the boys and girls take the same subjects. The aim of the Soviet is eventually to have a ten-year school, when there are enough buildings and teachers to go round.

One of the biggest problems of Soviet education has been to get enough trained teachers. At the time of the Revolution there were very few teachers indeed, and in those early days anybody who had any kind of education at all was asked to volunteer for the teaching profession. These people have been working steadily all through these years, and in a way, of course, they have become qualified by their own experience.

But in 1937 the Soviet Government passed a decree stating that all teachers must become fully qualified according to present-day standards. In Moscow alone it was found that about forty per cent of the teachers were unqualified: from that you can get some idea of the problem to be tackled.

These unqualified people were given a chance of taking a special course for a year at the same salary, or of attending an evening institute for two years. If they didn't do one or the other they had to stop teaching.

The Soviet is trying to open teachers' training colleges in every district; but Russia is such a huge territory and there are so many people that the demand is much greater than the supply. There are still too few specialists to go round, and naturally there are more in the large cities than outside. Though every national republic has its own training scheme carried on in its language—in those centres Russian is only taught as a second language—the general aim is to provide adequate training colleges and to endeavour to produce enough specialists to cover the whole country.

Today there are comparatively few illiterate children in the Soviet. I knew an Englishman who engaged on tea-planting work in Georgia. He was travelling over the mountains in his car, and he stopped at some remote village. He started talking to the people, and when he saw a number of children he asked whether they went to school. He had been told that every village, however small, however remote, had its school; and when on this occasion he was told: 'No, there is no school,' he said: 'Ah, at last I've caught you out. Look at all those children.' And then his chauffeur said: 'But they go to school over there,' and he pointed towards a mountain. 'But how do they get there?' 'By bus,' was the reply. It turned out that in the summer a bus took them to school every day, but in the winter months, when they are snowed up, the children lived in the school and carried on with their schooling as usual.

The standard of literacy among the adult population up to the age of forty-five or fifty is very good; but there are still many people over fifty who are illiterate, except that they can sign their own names and some of them can laboriously read newspapers and books.

Student Of Fifty-five

The charwoman in our school was a typical example. She was about fifty-five and had lived in a village up to the time of the Revolution. She was attending evening school, which was run by one of our teachers specially for the domestic workers on our staff. And she had reached the third class, which was about two classes below her youngest child. Her five children were very proud of her indeed, and they thought she was wonderful because at fifty-five years old she was learning not only to read and write but history and geography. She was quite a typical example. People everywhere are so interested in what is going on that they want to be able to read and write, and so they are willing and eager to go to school. Everywhere you will find this tremendous desire for learning.

It was usual, I should say, before 1925, for the younger members of the family to teach their grandfather and grandmother to read and write, and I'm told you would quite often see the whole family sitting round the table studying, the children of from twelve to fifteen helping the elder members of the family. And prior to 1925 it was quite common to see the children and their parents sitting on the same bench at school, studying together.

But that period has passed now, and when I was there the attitude was: 'Now we have reached the point where we can get on without the aid of the children; we will let the children enjoy their childhood and we will not burden them with the responsibility of their fathers and grandfathers.' But, now that war has come things have altered again, and the children have been helping with the agricultural work and collection of scrap metal and doing other war jobs.

Free Medical Attention

The Soviet Government carefully studied the educational systems of other countries to get new and improved ideas, and because of their interest in what is going on in the rest of the world they have gradually been able to raise the standard of their own teaching and training to much the same as in our own country.

Every school has a full-time doctor as a member of the staff and all medical services are free in the Soviet Union. The children are given every care to make them strong and healthy.

But their production of textbooks, for example, was far below our own—the paper is very poor, and the type used was not at all good. But I must say that I have seen textbooks published since 1938 which have impressed me very much; but even so they're not yet comparable with ours, less so with the Americans. That is something the Russians are still trying to achieve, and I remember when I came back to England in 1936 for a short holiday they begged me to bring back some textbooks to help them: these went into their research department to be examined to see in what respect they could help in improving their own.

The Russians are always very willing to learn and will always pick the brains of foreigners if they think they will be of any help to them in their own difficulties. For example, I teach mathematics, and I was always being invited to talk to other groups of mathematics teachers in Moscow to explain my methods and to exchange experiences.

A relatively small percentage of children go to school after fifteen, though there is the option of keeping on till you are eighteen and reaching university standard. I should say that about two per cent reach that standard.

Children Under 16 Must Not Work

Young children may not work till they are sixteen, and then from sixteen to eighteen only part-time. That was in peacetime; but now, because of the war, the rules are somewhat relaxed, and I think they can go to work when they are sixteen. But normally most boys and girls between fifteen and eighteen go into technical or factory schools. If it is an engineering school they will do three or four hours' academic work a day and then five hours' practical work in the factory. Then when they have finished their three years at the technical school they are qualified workers in the factory—fully skilled workers. But the point is: they are carrying on with their academic education at the same time as they are learning their trade.

Boys of School Number 70 in Moscow painting the coloured posters with which they will decorate their class-room.

Amazing Intellectual Development

The Russians—in the big cities, at any rate—in their one type of school, their universal school, are getting a general standard of development at the age of fifteen which I personally think compares more than favourably with our own fifteen-year-olds in our secondary schools. And you have got to remember that the Russians have only had compulsory schooling of any kind for little more than twenty years. I found the intellectual development of the quite average young Russian worker simply amazing—even from our own standards—and I think that is because their general syllabus in the schools includes a very wide study of literature and cultural subjects as well as utilitarian ones.

The academic work in a Soviet school occupies only a part of the day. The rest of the time the school is turned into a kind of club, and groups are organised in any subject which the children wish to pursue. In our school we had groups in drama, singing, dancing, gymnastics, sports, airplane building, scenery-making, painting, sculpture, puppetry, and several others. The leaders for these groups are specially engaged and paid by the school—they are not connected with the academic side—and the only obligation a child has on joining a group is to remain until the particular job undertaken is completed—until the play is produced or the airplane finished.

In this way Soviet children get many opportunities of developing their technical skill and their aesthetic taste. If a child shows special aptitude for music or art the

(Continued On Page 4)

These two boys between the ages of fifteen and eighteen work in a railway engineering school. They do four hours' academic and five hours' practical work every day.

American Educationist Asks:

Will India Accept The Challenge Of Education?

By JOHN W. STUDEBAKER,
U. S. Commissioner of Education

With admirable foresight, boldness and thoroughness, members of the Central Advisory Board of the Bureau of Education in India have pooled their hopes and ideas and have drafted proposals for the "post-war educational development" of India. Many groups in the United States have been moved to re-evaluate their educational aims during the war years to formulate plans for post-war improvement of education. Great Britain has presented plans in a White Paper for post-war education.

India, in the report made by the Central Advisory Board on education, has taken from the British White Paper its slogan: "Upon the education of the people of this country, the fate of this country depends." But they go on to say that "while the Board has aimed at a standard comparable to those already attained by Great Britain and other western countries, they have been careful not to adopt western ideas and copy western methods without being fully satisfied they are best suited to India."

Adult Education

Conditions vary greatly in different parts of India and the fullest encouragement should be given, therefore, to every form of potentially useful experiment. Nevertheless, the Board recognises there are "certain fundamental principles which must determine the training of future citizens wherever they may be found." It is inconceivable to them that any form of social or political community can ever prosper unless "physical fitness, intelligence and integrity of character are equally fostered."

In All India Radio's "India Tomorrow" series of broadcasts (April 17, 1944) Professor R. Choksi asks for "radical, immediate changes in the whole educational set-up (in India). An ignorant people have no armour against unemployment, and those armed by our system fight with obsolete weapons."

The Board calls attention to the fact that the report makes very little reference to the caste system, to women as distinct from men, to varying religious and social customs. The feeling of the Board is that any educational system that deserves the name will aim at impartiality, satisfying the needs of all. Consequently they propose for a post-war educational system that, first, it must be universal; second, it must be compulsory, not voluntary; third, if it is universal and compulsory, equity requires it should be free, and common sense demands that it should last long enough to secure its fundamental objectives.

Individual reports of the Board are both thorough and comprehensive. They cover in detail the proposed post-war educational organisation from pre-primary through university stages. They include reports on adult education, technical education, health education, the training of teachers etcetera. They call attention to the problems of housing, of equipment and of finances.

An entire report, therefore, is given to outlining a plan for the pre-primary age—four to six. In India, any provision for so early an age has so far been non-existent. The main objective proposed for the pre-primary schools would be to give the very young children social experience rather than formal instruction, to build health for many children whose homes are sub-marginal, and as a by-product to provide a safe environment for the child while its mother is at work. The Board said "it would be regrettable if women were hindered from taking their proper places in our society and contributing their share to its economic and cultural progress if they were able to do so only at the expense of their children. It is the duty of the State to come to the rescue of its future citizens, and those who bear them."

The Board recommends nursery schools entirely staffed by women who have received special training; that provision be made for something like a million children; that they should be admitted to schools free of charge; that attendance should be made voluntary, although not without persuasion.

From six to fourteen, schooling should be compulsory (of course raising the issue of enforcement, which has not been clearly met in these reports). This period would be known as "Basic", divided into two parts; Primary or Junior Basic (ages five to eleven), and Middle or Senior Basic (ages eleven to fourteen). Courses in these schools would be essentially cultural in nature, but would also give some attention to preparation for entry into industrial, commercial or agricultural occupations as well as for entrance to high schools leading to universities for advanced technical, professional and scholarly work. Since fourteen will be of necessity the age at which most of the pupils will leave school. Basic schools must emphasise training for "jobs". Then there will be the High schools. These will take over the education of the selected and "advanced" group from Junior Basic, and all those from Senior Basic who desire to continue.

But whereas schooling in the lower schools will be free, the State will give free education in High Schools only to those who have met certain high standards of intelligence and aptitude. On this selective basis there will probably be places in the high schools for about one out of five in the high age group. In order that no poor child of ability and promise be excluded, it is proposed there should be liberal scholarships above tuition. Also, since there are now only some 40,000 girls in upper schools, it will be very necessary to encourage far greater interest among women if a true national system of education is to be evolved in any reasonable length of time.

Obsolete Weapons

With the reorganisation and the setting up of Basic and High Schools, enrolments in, and the usefulness of, university courses should immediately be increased. The Indian university, as it stands to-day, does not, according to the Board, fully satisfy any national dream.

In the Board's plan, the tutorial method would be a widely extended and contact between teacher and student facilitated. In a three-year university course, the careers and future professions of students would naturally be the first consideration. Yet the Board cautions that education is not only for self-interest and personal gain, but for society as a whole, for service, and for developing a sense of the interrelationship of man to man.

Adult education, which the Board discusses extensively, means elementary education for adults. The Indian Adult Education Committee realises that for some time to come the main emphasis with adults must be raising them to the level of literacy. Large numbers of illiterate parents are, and will be, a definite handicap to making children literate. And it has been estimated that, even with the introduction of a universal system of basic education, there will continue to be many millions of illiterates between the ages of ten and forty. A campaign worked out over a period of twenty-five years is recommended to help solve the problem of inertia among these so-called adults. In this, as in all other branches of recruiting, the training of teachers—particularly women—is of supreme importance.

A separate study has been made of the problem anticipated in the selecting and training of teachers. The difficulties that will be met in this regard are some of the most acute of the many seemingly insurmountable difficulties the Board has faced. In 1940-41, there were, according to the report, only some 640 schools training 19,400 teachers in all of India. The average teacher's salary was about Rs. 29 a month. In its lower reaches, it has hit Rs. 12! The hope of the Board is to raise this to a universal minimum of Rs. 35, equally for men and women, and adding 10 per cent to salary whenever free living quarters cannot be provided. Success in such an educational enterprise cannot be attained, the Board feels, unless teaching is effective and efficient teachers are properly paid. "The expenditure involved is admittedly heavy, but experience of this war suggests that when a paramount necessity can be established, the money required to meet it can and will be found. It is for India to decide whether the time has arrived when a national system of education is a paramount necessity."

Difficulties A Plenty

If India does decide the time has come, it will take great boldness and courage to surmount the hazards. Barriers of every sort exist...

The staggering size of the country and population, differences and antagonisms of races, creeds and religions, widely dispersed rural communities, language blocks, wide spread, extreme poverty, internal and external mistrusts and misunderstanding—all these might well produce inertia even in the Board of Education itself!

But the Board has attacked its problems head-on. None can now say there has been no advance, so to speak. Anticipated criticism has been dealt with in the addenda to the report itself.

An eminent American educator has said: "Amid all the moral and intellectual confusions of our culture, amid all the cynicisms and scepticisms in our thinking, 'Thou shalt love Thy neighbour as Thyself' endures firm and triumphant. It may be ignored or forgotten. But it cannot be reasonably denied. It is the best basis of civilisation. It defines the society we must create. It prescribes the education we must give and take."

The men of the Indian Central Advisory Board have accepted the challenge. They understand the magnitude and difficulties of the job of lifting darkness from 388,000,000 people. They have frankly stated the alternatives: "If India continues to evade her responsibilities in this respect, she must be content to relegate herself to the position of permanent inferiority in the society of civilised nations." They propose that the darkness of ignorance be lifted, however great the difficulties. —U.S.O.W.I.

John W. Studebaker, United States Commissioner of Education, is widely known for his successful administrative abilities and knowledge of instructional techniques, especially in connection with the instruction of handicapped children, adult education and education by radio.

In the following article, Mr. Studebaker analyses the recommendations of the Central Advisory Board of the Bureau of Education for post-war education in India.

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'I Was A Teacher In Moscow'

(Continued from Page 3)

school can send him or her to the local music or art school for afternoon lessons, or if he or she is interested in technical subjects the child will spend several afternoons a week at the local technical centres where there are fully equipped workshops under the supervision of a specialist in wood or metal work.

In the villages there were very few schools before the Revolution, but now most of them have built one; and the aesthetic and technical developments here depend a great deal on the actual teachers. In the winter the cultural life in the villages is very often shared with the grown-ups as well, because while the snow is on the ground they often can't carry on with their agricultural work. In this way you see there is scope for the development of the peasant arts and crafts.

The Russians believe in criticism and self-criticising on a constructive basis. Actually at my school I hated it at first; then after a while I began to realise its value and I thought to myself: 'After all, it is good, it is very salutary—like a cold bath!' There, was absolutely no malice at all behind their criticism—it was done in a very friendly spirit, and I think the whole basis of the thing was co-operation and not competition. We used to have regular meetings to discuss our work and our methods; and any weakness of the teacher was discussed too. I remember early on one of the American men who taught English said: 'I've been having trouble with my class. Can you help me?' I was astonished. Several of the other teachers gave him their helpful suggestions. The principal himself would come and sit in a class day after day in order to find out where a weakness lay, and he would discuss it at great length after each lesson with the teachers until the teacher was able to find a solution to his problems.

But the fact that you can criticise people—and this applies also to Soviet factories—means that you can get along with them far better than you would if you felt you wanted to criticise but couldn't express it.

There is naturally always the possibility of a clash, and if it comes to the point where you and your colleagues cannot get on, then some adjustment has to be made. There is a trade union organisation which functions in every school, and it exists to try to help you to overcome such difficulties. As a matter of fact, one of our American staff did leave while I was there. He went to teach in the university, and actually he preferred it and found it more interesting. And although he couldn't get on at an ordinary school he made good at the university.

Obviously you could see the whole political basis of the Soviet Union permeating right through their teaching in the schools—even in their mathematical problems. But in their moral, their ethical teaching, they taught the children about the international brotherhood of children all over the world—to be courteous to their neighbour, to respect social or public property, to respect their own school buildings, not to carve the tables or write on the walls, because they were their own and they should look after them. They were taught to look after the older people because they had had terribly hard lives, and because through them the children had all these advantages. That was their ethical training—and that I personally consider is just the sort of teaching necessary for a child.

American Correspondent Lives To Tell Of His Hair's Breadth Escape

A DAY IN YUGOSLAVIA

By STOYAN PRIBICHEVICH in "Time" Newsmagazine

At 6-30 on the morning of May 25 a Partisan guard woke the American photographer, Fowler, the British photographer, Slade, the British correspondent, Talbot, and me by shouting through the windows of our two houses: "Avioni—airplanes!" Talbot and I, sharing the same room, jumped into our clothes, ran out, took a look at the skies and made for the slit trench on a bare mound some 100 yards away. No sooner had the four of us reached the shelter than bombs from 15 planes began exploding around us. Sizzling bomb fragments whizzed into the trench beside my right shoulder. About 30 more large, low-flying planes arrived and, just as Fowler was filming the dive of a 'Stuka', brownish parachutes flapped open no more than 200 feet above us and gliders began to steer toward the ground just in front of us. We looked at each other and knew that there was no escape.

At 7 a bulky German in a black steel helmet loomed above our trench, pointed his submachine gun at us and yelled "Handa hoch heraus—Hands up, get out." Pouring out blasphemies, an officer with bulging eyes and thick lips searched us for guns, took away our papers and hit Talbot for not raising his injured right arm high enough. With a curse he threw my ten-dollar bills to the ground; I picked them up and put them back in my pocket. Then he pulled two photographs out of his speckled parachute dress and asked: "Do you know who this is?"

"That is Tito," I answered in German.

"Where is Tito?" he barked, I pointed at the limestone crag beyond the town. "Tito was there last night but he is not there this morning."

"You know that you are lying," roared the officer.

"Go there and find out whether I am lying," I said. In fact, Tito was in his grotto when the German paratroops descended on Drvar. His men pulled him up a rope to the summit of the steep cliff while the shooting was going on in the valley. He then walked over to a nearby hill, and from there directed the battle. That day and night his entire staff and all the files and papers were evacuated in the same manner, and when on the following day the Germans finally broke into the cave they found it empty.

THE FIRING SQUAD

The popeyed German officer ordered the soldier who had captured us to escort us toward the centre of the town. With raised hands we marched along the main street. The sun shone and bullets whistled between the bombed buildings; the Partisans were gathering on the sorrounding hills. We were led into the tree-shaded backyard of the two-storey Partisan administration building where some 20 old men, women and children had already been herded. Two German officers were standing in the far corner.

"Shoot?" asked a soldier with a bandaged head, sweeping his submachine gun toward the four of us and the civilians. "Yes," answered an officer. "Separate these four." The soldier ordered the four of us to line up against the back wall of the house. "But we are American and British officers," I protested in German. "'Ja, ja, ja,'" bellowed the soldier and pushed me toward the wall.

I shouted in German to the officer: "Are you an army officer or aren't you? Our armies do not shoot captured German officers. Is it a practice of the German Army to shoot captured American and British officers?"

"Sorry," replied the officer, "I have orders to execute everybody here," and he ordered the American photographer, Fowler, to stand up first, hands up, back to the wall, face to the executioner. As Fowler pale but calm, took up his position, the other German officer came across the backyard and asked me about our ranks. I told him. He turned to the first officer and began to argue in a half whisper. After a few seconds he ordered us to drop our hands and to go down into the cellar of the administration building.

We sat on the floor of the cellar smoking for half an hour. Then the soldier with the bandaged head appeared, all grins, and announced in pidgin language: "'Englander und Americaner' good, aber 'Partisanen kaputt'"—indicating that only the Yugoslavs would be executed. At about 9 a. m. we were marched off to a cemetery where the Germans had established their headquarters. The whole town was in German hands by now, but the firing was heavier at the foot of the hills around the town. We stood for a while, watching the bandaging of the first German wounded. Suddenly I saw a 'Chetnik' standing in a group of German officers. He was a young man in a peasant costume, a rifle slung across his shoulder and on his cap the insignia of the Royal Yugoslav Army. "The bastard," muttered Talbot.

> "Sorry", replied the Nazi officer, "I have orders to execute everybody here", and he ordered the Americans and British correspondents to stand up, back to the wall, face to face with the executioner.

ANOTHER WAY OF DYING

After an hour we found that in place of execution we were merely to be offered another way of dying. A man led the four of us to the advanced positions and from there we were ordered to carry a wounded German on a stretcher across a field under Partisan fire, back to the cemetery headquarters. Partisan bullets sang by and kicked up dust around us. We ducked and crawled and at one point had to drop the stretcher and lie flat. But a German paratrooper behind us, carefully taking cover, prodded us on with his submachine gun. We reached the cemetery unscathed. Here, at about 11, I was separated from Talbot, Fowler and Slade. I did not see them again and have not heard what became of them.

A swart, brumpy sergeant with a crew haircut gave me his knapsack, warned me that I would answer with my life for it, and ordered me to follow him and his men. Fifteen paratroopers started out with two heavy machine guns across the young wheatfields toward the wooded Partisan-held ridge a mile off to the west. To the right and to the left of me similar small groups were advancing in the same direction, some carrying heavy trench mortars.

The hail of Partisan bullets gradually grew thicker and we ran across the clear spaces, taking cover from bush to bush, from ditch to ditch, from fence to fence; all the time a German with a submachine gun behind me made sure that I didn't fall out of line. Finally we stopped at an abandoned peasant house on a tree-covered elevation at the very foot of the mountain. Here the Germans set up their two machine guns, made themselves comfortable and ordered me to sit beside one of the guns. "Do you always drag war prisoners into the firing line?" I asked the sergeant.

A man with a face like a death mask and a black patch over his right eye answered instead: "You are a war correspondent so we thought you might like to see the war from our firing line." Later I learned that he was a Gestapo man.

The Germans around me were emptying their pockets of tins of chocolates and cigarets looted from the quarters of the U. S. mission to Tito. Every once in a while they took swigs from their schnapps bottles. They gave me nothing to eat. About noon some 30 more transport planes appeared over the valley and again parachutes and gliders floated down bringing the total number of airborne invaders to 600. My captors were elated, jeered at the Partisans as "half-naked" bandits and gypsies, sneered at the Russians, ridiculed the Americans. "Well," said one, "now you are going to see Germany for a change."

"Maybe," I replied.

At about 2 p.m. the firing rose in a steady crescendo from all sides. Partisan bullets and grenades tore viciously through the bushes and tree branches around me. The two German machine guns rattled incessantly against the hillside where nothing could be seen but the twitch of a twig here and there. A dozen dive bombers droned overhead, but their bombing soon had to be stopped for fear of hitting the Germans.

A captured peasant and his eight-year-old son had been kept at the German machine-gun position with me. Now the two had to carry ammunition from a hollow back of the house to the machine gunners in front. Within a few minutes the peasant had his right ankle shot through by a Partisan bullet. The Germans bandaged him up and made him carry on. The terrified boy, trembling like a leaf wrung his hands, whimpered and implored the Germans in Serbo-Croatian, "I want to go home. I want to go home." The Germans ignored him and soon a Partisan machine-gun burst shattered both his knees. The Germans did not bother trying to bandage him.

Toward 6 p.m. a German crouching behind the house pointed to the right and shouted: "Look there!" Far to the right, at the end of the valley, on a gentle hill with a bombed church outlined against the glowing horizon, a single file of men appeared, marching toward the German rear. "These are ours retreating," yelled a soldier. The sergeant looked through the field glasses and screamed: "These are the bandits advancing. They are flanking us."

An hour later the situation of my captors had become desperate. We were a mile ahead of the German headquarters and the line of retreat was now under Partisan fire from the front, the left and the right. All along the foot of the mountain the German front line was reeling back. At 8-30 p.m. the sergeant and the one-eyed Gestapo man ordered retreat. Surprised and forced to think for themselves, the crack S. S. troops who had been calling the Partisans half-naked gypsies a few hours ago were now clearly panicky.

Dusk was falling and tracer bullets raced over the Drvar Valley like fireflies. The sergeant yelled at me: "War correspondent, carry the wounded forward." I was to lead the line and to taste the Partisan fire first. Two men helped me shoulder a half-conscious, bleeding young German shot through the lungs. I stepped into the clear space of the backyard orchard. Instantly a bullet from a Partisan sharpshooter whined past my nose and plopped into a plum tree. I made for a hedge beyond which curled a shallow ditch leading between two wheatfields back toward the cemetery and the German headquarters. The Partisan sharpshooter fired frantically at me and the Germans stood behind and watched. I have no recollection of how I crossed those 30 yards except that I made the ditch and dropped on all fours with the wounded German riding my back.

Then I heard the Germans running one by one across the clear space and jumping over the hedge into the ditch behind me. Now, I said to myself, is the time to try to escaps. My chance was to pretend to be retreating, but actually to drop behind and let the Partisans catch up with me. I shuffled slowly on my knees and elbows. Another German ran past me along the ditch toward the cemetery. The wounded man on top of me groaned, got off me with an agonizing effort and stumbled away into the gathering darkness. A few more Germans overtook me while Partisan bullets grazed the edges of the ditch. I pushed myself forward on my stomach and I saw a couple of Germans trying to run over a clear space and turning somersaults as the machine-gun burst hit them.

The sergeant's voice rang out ahead of me: "American, American, come faster" "I am coming," I shouted, crawled a little bit and rested again. I knew that the Germans in front could not shoot back at me without hitting their comrades in the ditch, so I kept an eye only on the silhouettes behind that might stab or shoot me in running past. My hands and knees were bleeding. After a few more sham efforts at scuttling ahead I stopped again and looked back. There was not a single living German behind me.

"COMRADES, HERE I AM"

Then I lay flat on my back. The firing dwindled and suddenly the night air quivered with the Partisan war cry—"Ubiy davi rastrgray ih na komade!"—Kill, throttle, tear them to pieces!" Scores of battle-crazed Partisans came bounding across the wheatfield brandishing their fearful hand grenades. Then at the top of my voice I shouted in Serbo-Croatian: "Comrades, don't shoot. Here I am, Pribichevich."

They Shall Not Die

They shall not die
Though they have gone into blank space
And black despair has struck at every door.
They shall not die
Though in their dreamless sleep they lie
Far and near, battered, maimed.
Full of hope and fortitude they went
With a smile on their lips and a song in their hearts.
Yet never to return. But to die unknown
In strange lands.
For him she mourns in silent grief,
That radiant smile, that youthful song
That footfall which will not be heard.
Just a single joy stirs in her heart.....
He died for the Country.
Oh, God, hear our earnest prayer:
Let this dark hour be swift
And the Dawn near.
Give us the strength to build the Future
On the anguish the blood, the toil, the tears
Of those who are but memories.
They shall not die
Though they have gone into blank space.
They shall not die.

—ADI SET.

Unwanted Kings Must Go!

Says H. G. WELLS in "Sunday Despatch"

I am going to jot down a few axioms of primary importance if we are to emerge from this world cataclysm.

Some, you may say, are platitudes; some you may deny indignantly; some may pass over your mind without your grasping what they imply. I submit they all interlock and hang together.

First, then: "man lives by law. His only protection from chaotic violence, from the rule of the strongest—and the stronger must presently succumb to a younger and fresher rival —is "law".

Where law prevails and is righteously observed, such as it was, for example, in the primary Swiss cantons, every human life is free, brave, and dignified.

There may be bad laws, but bad laws are better than no law. A man does at least have his position defined. There may be corrupt administration of the law.

That is why every man needs to be a politician and understand and maintain the duties and rights of his fellow citizens to the best of his ability. The price of liberty is eternal vigilance. Man has to be a "political animal" (Aristotle) by the nature of things.

The Challenge

Next, every "human being lives in a community." Those primary Swiss cantons were small and simple enough for everyone in them to be a man indeed. Everyone knew what was happening and could meet and discuss it. But history has no reverse gear, and we live to-day in vast and complicated communities which need the most lucid thinking and explanation—that is to say, education —for any of us to understand.

Unhappily, there are a considerable number of aggressive and essentially dishonest people who take advantage, for their own gratifications, of the ever-increasing size and complication of affairs, so that the ordinary human being throughout the world is kept away from these two primary necessities, "personal self-respect and education," for all his lifetime.

He never becomes an intelligent "political animal"; he remains under-developed in relation to the mighty demands and opportunities that challange him.

He remains "infantile" from cradle to grave. He expects someone to carry him about and take care of him. His backbone never stiffens. He hands himself over to masters and priests and cults and heroes of all sorts, he will even carry his devotion to the pitch of dying for them, to escape from the dreadful responsibility of living his own life. For it is really very much easier to die than live. Few men live fully, but all die.

Do you accept this second group of axiomatic truth? They concern us both profoundly. It may offend you; you may throw down the paper in a pet. So much the worse for you and all of us.

And, thirdly, let us bring in certain other considerations that have taken mankind by surprise in the last score or so of generations.

Before that time human affairs were run in a patchwork of separate communities.

There were a very great multitude of sovereign States; they had their little wars for little advantages—wars which seem to-day very puny conflicts; and everywhere, except in mountain valleys and remote places master classes ruled and uneducated infantilised lower classes obeyed.

It seemed to be the only way of running communities and keeping them going. Every State in that vanishing world was a sovereign State; that is to say, it had its own laws, and there was no common law between them at all.

Unstable overlordships and imperialisms (religious and lay) and tribute claims came and went in the world as communications improved, and then, as the world began to shrink, came the suggestion of International Law.

But sovereign independence and international law are contradictory terms. A sovereign State is a State either at war or preparing for offensive or defensive war. There is no more law between independent sovereign States than there is in the jungle.

A system of diplomatic usages has grown up in the last three centuries by which alliances against other Powers and so forth could be more conveniently arranged, and certain chivalrous conventions by which the full burthen of war could be put upon the shoulders of the common soldiers and their belongings, but these conventions were no more than convenient arrangements that suited the ganster sympathies of the classes on top.

Officer prisoners, for example, have always been privileged prisoners. These conventions were not laws in the proper sense that they protected all men; they were romantic social snobbisms, and, in the embittered totalitarian warfare we are now fighting, they signify less and less.

And now we must bring into this discussion of fundamentals another huge and overwhelming reality facing us to-day, which nowadays we speak of as "Science."

That relentless sceptical inquiry into accepted beliefs and methods has almost entirely abolished distance and made events simultaneous throughout the world while at the same time putting such a stupendous amount of physical power, for good or evil, into the hands of mankind—still infantile, still unawakened—as completely to change the human outlook. To those who can see reality plain, it is a flat choice between man going up to a new stage of existence or blowing himself up altogether.

That is where a growing minority of us are torn between impatience and anger and a desperate hope. We are urgent to see those first creative words fully implemented for all men: "Let there be light"; and we view with a mounting resentment the lawless miscellany of Kings, Princes, Fuehrers, Dictators, self-appointed Leaders, infallible teachers, and the like, who are struggling even now to exploit the childish trustfulness and "loyalty" of unenlightened men.

When I say "Kings" I except the British Crown. I happen to be a Republican myself—as a countryman of Cromwell, Milton, Shelley, and a multitude of others—but I recognise that the British Monarchy has long been in theory and is nowadays also loyally and practically under the law.

The King acts only upon the advice of his responsible Ministers, and that is the essence of the British position.

We forget that this is quite exceptional, and that the Kings and so forth that our Tories bolster up abroad are essentially different from the British Monarchy.

Most of these other Kings, Princes, Claimants, and Pretenders, usually with the support of some gang of financial adventurers, with their little bogus courts and their dynastic claims, are now an unmitigated nuisance. Mostly they are Germans at one or two removes.

No doubt the Norwegians and the Swedish Monarchies are harmless and honest, and, since there are people who seem to like to kiss hands, I see no reason why there shouldn't be clean hands available for the purpose, but the rest of the enthroned princelings are entirely undesirable.

"Get Out"

It is high time the United Democracies, the Press that more or less voices their views, and the Foreign Offices that profess to serve them, made it plain to these royalties that the safest career before them is to get out of our light.

Just as the new lovelies, who are exhibiting their charms as "leaders," the various revivalists of the bonlanger traditions who are pestering now to be given military equipment of their very own, which they manifestly intend to use against us, will be wise to try vanishing cream while it is still available.

Their antics endanger the lives and happiness of hundreds of millions. Life grows grim and realistic everywhere, and a certain ruthlessness is creeping into the behaviour of long-suffering common men.

H. G. WELLS

MAHATMA GANDHI

By C. Raju

The political saint of Hindustan
A votary of Truth and Ahimsa
An incarnated Paramahamsa
Will meet the author of Pakistan.

The Hindus and Muslims long have fought
Bitter experience has now them taught
To split India if necessary
And rid a nation of all its worry.

O Mahatma! Whether you succeed or not
Your noble spirit can never be forgot
Your unique policy of non-violence
Has won the world's due reverence.

The limbs of India may be bartered away
Voices may groan and minds may sway
The entire nation doth now pray:
"May a maimed but liberated India
See the light after Saturday."

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196,500,000 SQ. MILES IN 10 MINUTES

OVER A CUP OF TEA

Travel has its fascination. Strange lands and strange people excite the imagination of every man. From Africa with its dark forests to Egypt with its ancient mysteries, from Egypt to America, the climax of industrial civilization, and so on! Ah, Travel has its fascination. But, it has its difficulties. You need leisure, you need money and you need other things too. Even with the best of all these advantages it is practically not possible to cover the 196,500,000 Sq. miles of the surface of the globe. For, life is short. To travel in imagination has of course no such difficulty. It needs only one thing—a cup of good tea. Therefore, remember Valley View, the best companion of your travels.

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'Roosevelt Must Make Full Report On Conditions In India'

WHY RECALL PHILLIPS AT BRITAIN'S REQUEST?

Senator On Challenge To U. S. Sovereignty

WASHINGTON, August 28. (Delayed).

Senator Chandler of Kentucky in the Senate to-day demanded that President Roosevelt should make a full report on conditions in India.

"I believe in co-operating with our Allies, but only by knowing the truth of the situation in other countries can we hope for a genuine co-operative peace".

He said the American political adviser, Mr. William Phillips, had been attacked by the British for his report on the Indian situation and declared that British representatives in the United States had even approached certain American publishers with a view to preventing publication of Mr. Phillip's views. Senator Chandler who, with five other Senators, visited India some time ago said high British officials in the United States had told him that what is happening in India is none of his or the Senate's business.

"I repudiate that statement," he added. Conditions there had a bearing on the war with Japan. "If the British are going to be able to force a recall of our diplomats merely because they submit truthful reports, I think, we ought to know about it."

"Harmful Step"

"Our British Allies have taken an incredibly harmful step which can only injure the friendly relations between ourselves and them in declaring President Roosevelt's personal Ambassador, Mr. Phillips, 'persona non-grata'," Mr. Chandler continued.

The British Foreign Office took this action because Mr. Phillips made a report on the conditions in India which the British don't like. Is the Government of the United States so weak, are our people so incompetent, has our sovereignty been so impaired that even the President is no longer permitted to know the truth about conditions in friendly countries?"

"Only by knowing the truth of the conditions in countries not as we wish them to be but as they exist, can the American people in future organise and promote a policy of friendship with other nations that will lead to lasting peace."

Br. Embassy Denial

In answer to the inquiry made in the Senate, a spokesman of the British Embassy said that it was not true that the British Government had described Mr. Phillips as 'persona non-grata'. It was also untrue that the British Government asked for his recall. The United States State Department spokesman said that the British Government at no time asked for Mr. Phillips' recall and that the arrangements for his return were made sometime ago. The British Embassy spokesman denied Senator Chandler's assertion that Mr. Phillips was recalled at the request of the British

"Tissue Of Inaccuracies"

LONDON, August 30 (Delayed): The well-known commentator "Candidus" writing in the "Daily Sketch" discusses the "world problem of colour which must be faced."

Candidus says: "In the interests of Anglo-American unity, it will be bettre some prominent Americans would deny themselves the luxury of criticising our administration in India—undeterred by the fact that they are completely ignorant of what they talk about"

Quoting Senator Chandler's recent statements as an example of a "tissue of inaccuracies" Candidus characterizes Senator Chandler's demand that President Roosevelt should make a full report on the conditions in India as an "impertinent suggestion" designed merely to whip up anti-British feeling in America. Incredible as it may be to the Senator Chandlers of the United States, Indians would rather have us there than any other foreigners."

Candidus remarks that Indians are not likely to be weakened in this attitude by incidents in the United States such as the recent riots in Philadelphia arising from the promotion of Negro transport workers against which white Trade Unionist revolted

Colour Prejudice In U.S.

Emphasizing the extent of colour prejudice in the United States, Candidus declares that the position of coloured people's 'vis-a-vis' the white is a problem which will figure conspicuously on the agenda of post-war world reconstruction. Nations of every complexion are fighting with the Allies to kill the blasphemous doctrine of the "master race" and, adds Candidus, "what do we propose to say to them when the war is won and won with their assistance. Are we whites going to say to them 'you have given us wonderful help in winning the war but you cannot share in the fruits of victory? Do we mean to tell them that equality of status and opportunity is to be denied them on account of their colour? If we do, then though we have won the war, they will very thoroughly have lost it. On the long view, we shall have lost it too for the coloured peoples will refuse tamely to accept the implication of inferiority which has no biological justification. And thus will the ground be prepared for the most terrible of all wars, let alone of all racial wars—war of non-whites against whites wherever they may meet."—Reuter

Notice To Readers

Monday 4th instant being Parsi New Year Day, the office of the "Bombay Chronicle" will remain closed. There will, therefore, be no issue of the paper on Tuesday 5th inst.

STOP PRESS

GERMAN COLUMN ROUTED

LONDON, Sept. 2: A fourth Czechoslovak 'communique' issued in London to-day says that a German column advancing from Kosice to Presove has been routed. Kosice also known as Kaschau is an important railway junction on the Budapest-Berlin line. Czechoslovaks are fighting a heavy defensive battle at Strecno in Zilina sector in the Vah Valley.—Reuter.

SLOVAK ARMY CHIEF RELIEVED OF HIS POST

The German Overseas News Agency said to-night that the Commander-in-Chief of the Slovak army, General Catlos has been relieved of his post by the President of the State Doctor Tiso according to an official Slovak announcement.—Reuter.

TITO'S TROOPS ENTER BELGRADE SUBURBS

LONDON, Sept. 2: The Morocco radio to-day reported that Marshal Tito's troops are in the suburbs of Belgrade The report said "Marshal Tito's troops which have been reported to be fighting near Belgrade have entered the suburbs of the Yugoslavian capital."—Reuter.

U. S. RACING MILLIONAIRE CAPTURED BY GERMANS

Allied Headquarters Mediterranean. It was confirmed here to-night that Colonel John Hay (Jock) Whitney, the United States Racing millionaire, has been captured by the Germans in South France—Reuter.

JAP DEFEAT NORTH OF TIDDIM

KANDY, Sept 2: To-day's S.E.A.C. 'communique' says: "The Japanese have been driven from positions 30 miles north of Tiddim. Our advance continues. From other fronts there is nothing to report.—A. P

HALIFAX DENIES IT

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2: The British Ambassador Lord Halifax today again emphatically denied the charges that Mr. William Phillips was recalled at London's request. He said, "the State Department had denied the truth of this allegation before this Embassy denied it and I hope it will not be repeated."

The Chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee Sol Bloom siding with Lord Halifax and the State Department has made the statement "neither the British nor the Indian Governments ever requested or even suggested Mr. Phillips recall."—Reuter.

What role, we wonder,
Our Winnie the Wonder
Did play with yonder
Pope Pius the Holy See;
His Soul did he bless?
Or was a political chess
Over the Balkan mess
Played too? ... Oh dear me!

Growing Tension In Anglo-U. S. Relations

LONDON, September 2.

Warm tributes to the American General Stilwell were paid by Admiral Mountbatten just before he left London. But, that all is not well on the Stilwell front however, is indicated by the "Tribune", a powerful and out-spoken weekly. The paper writes:

"A row of great dimensions has blown up in the States. The American representative in India, Mr. Philips, has published a letter addressed to the President in which mismanagement of Indian affairs and British relations with Stilwell were violently criticised. After the publication of this letter Mr. Philips was recalled, the American Press says, as a result of pressure from London.

"In itself this may be unimportant, but it is a symptom of the growing tension in the Anglo-American relations over the Far Eastern policy. General Stilwell is now in a peculiar position. He is the Deputy Commander-in-Chief to Lord Louis Mountbatten, he is the Commander-in-Chief of the American-Chinese forces in North Burma. He is the Chief of Staff to Marshal Chiang-Kai-Shek and he is the Lease-Lend Administrator for China. He is also the most determined believer that America's future is definitely linked with China, both politically and economically and he is determined to keep out any who wish to trespass.

STILWELL'S ROLE IN BURMA

"In India there is a strong feeling that General Stilwell is more concerned about America's future interests in China than in co-operation with the conduct of operations as outlined and requested by the South-East Asia Command. He has been present only twice at the conferences of Army Chiefs during the last six months. He generally has the reputation for non-co-operation. Also it is said that his role in Northern Burma has been widely exaggerated by the American publicity machine. For two months he has been attacking 800 Japs at Mitajgaung with a force numbering something like 12,000 but the place did not fall until the Chindits moved up from the south and took it.

"All this of course is not known to the public here because of strict Indian censorship on the one hand and the one-sidedness of reporting in America.

"We do not say that Gen. Stilwell is always wrong and Admiral Mountbatten right; but clearly this situation is not healthy and sooner a full statement is made to Parliament on the position in the Far East the better it will be for all concerned. Healthy relations cannot be constructed on suppression and ignorance."—United Press.

SIR G. BEWOOR ON AMERICAN POLITICS

(From Our Correspondent)

NEW YORK—Sir Gurunath Bewoor, in the course of a speech, said that from reading papers here, he gathered that America was interested fifty per cent in war, forty per cent in post-war planning and one per cent in outside world" I hope this is not so.

STRING OF U.S. BASES ACROSS PACIFIC?

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2: A report to-day said, it is learned that the highest army and navy authorities have recommended to President Roosevelt that a string of American naval and air bases be established across the Pacific on islands which the League mandated to Japan if permanent peace is to be secured in the Pacific.—Reuter.

Kasturba Fund In Maharashtra

POONA, September 2: Maharashtra's contribution towards the All-India Kasturba Memorial Fund is so far nearly Rs. 2,20,000. The highest contribution to the fund from East Khandesh—over Rs. 48,000 The contribution of Poona City is Rs 31,000 —A. P.

LATEST COMMERCIAL

COTTON (OCTOBER)

New York, Sept. 2

Previous closing	21.52
To-day's opening	21.49
Difference	—03
To-day's closing	21.51
Difference	—01

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

New York Stock Exchange is closed to-day.—Reuter.

FIGHTING RAGES IN WARSAW

Old City Almost In Ruins

LONDON, Sept. 2.

Strong attacks by Poles in Warsaw are reported in today's 'communique' of General Bor, Commander-in-Chief of the Polish Home Army.

It says: "All districts of Warsaw held by the Home Army were again heavily bombarded. Heavy fighting continues in the old city.

In the Central District, we launched strong attacks. The Germans are erecting new fortified strong points. There was patrol activity on both sides."

The German News Agency quoting a German war correspondent says: "Insurgents are fighting in hide-outs with the desperate courage of those who know they soon will have to die. Fighting is still raging in the city which by now is almost completely in ruins. Barricades are being blown up. Fighter-bombers, tanks, fieldguns, armoured trains, heavy artillery and mortars are paving the way for German infantry who equipped with flame throwers are smoking out the last of the rebels."—Reuter.

Preparations For Next Elections

Our London Correspondent recently stated that with the war in Europe approaching its end, brisk preparations were being made in Britain for the next general election. It is understood that some Army units in India have been issued voting cards. Forms have also, it is stated, been issued to servicemen so as to enable them to register and nominate a proxy now.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE NORDIC DEMIGODS

A WEEK OF WAR By N. G. Jog

September, 1.

The shades of night are falling fast over Nazi Germany. The fifth anniversary of the war marks the twilight of the Nordic demigods.

Five years ago this day the Nazi legions were already goose-stepping into Poland. Today they are retreating pell-mell from the east and the west and the south to the frontiers of the Fatherland. Five years ago they dumbfounded the world with the novel technique of the "Blitzkrieg". Today "Blitzkrieg" is recoiling upon the Wehrmacht like an angry boomerang. Five years ago the democratic world was blithely stepping into the phoney prelude of the Armageddon, counting the barrels of oil Hitler did not possess. Today it is grimly enacting its last bloody scene with the cry of revenge on its lips!

History cannot show another quinquennium packed with such delusion and disillusion; hope and fear; exaltation, boredom and despondency; defeat and victory. Today, on the fifth anniversary of the war, the note is of victory—*fortissimo!* Like a wounded and cornered beast Nazism is retreating into its lair, abandoning all its kills. The very jackals are turning upon it! Five years of sadistic terror are fading out into a flicker of whining cowardice as groups of the world-conquering supermen throw away their arms and surrender on a dozen battlefields in their thousands.

Ahead Of Schedule

The change in the fortunes of war, though it may appear to the Allied master-planner like an axiom of Euclid, appears as sudden as it is dramatic to the lay mind. It seems as if Hitler has lost within the last five weeks what he gained and held during the last five. France is being quickly liberated, Paris itself having won its own freedom. The entire Balkan front is folding up. The Red Army has occupied the Ploesti oil-fields and reached Bucharest.

A Bulgarian delegation is waiting to sign on the dotted line at Cairo, while its Rumanian prototype is in Moscow discussing the armistice terms. Even Hungary is discreetly sounding the Allied Ambassadors in Ankara. All this means that the German garrisons in the Mediterranean and the Aegean are virtually written off! The 25 German divisions which are strung there and in the Balkans will find it easier to stay put where they are than to trek back home.

How complete the transformation of the war scene is can be realised by the latest interview given by General Dwight Eisenhower. He told war correspondents that the plan to crush Germany was on Thursday last—"D"-day plus 85—ahead of that hoped for by "D"-day plus 90. It must be noted in this connection that after the first brilliant opening of the Second Front, there was a period of seeming stability while the Allies were building up their bridgehead and the Germans on their part were bringing up their armour for a decisive show-down in the Caen area. That, in spite of this, the Allies should be five days ahead of schedule is, indeed, remarkable!

Four Phases

It will be profitable in this connection to make a detailed analysis of what may be called the Second Battle of France with the help of the diary published on this page. As General Sir Douglas Brownrigg pointed out, it falls easily into four distinct phases as follows:

(1) The break-in phase, which includes the first storming of the invasion coast and its subsequent securing and extending lasted for about a month. The capture of Cherbourg and the arrival of the Americans in line with the British and Canadians across the Cotentin peninsula rounded up this phase.

(2) The break-out phase was in many ways critical. It lasted three months and embraced the capture of Caen and St. Lo, the crossing of the Orne and the American penetration of the left of Rommel's defensive line. This was the least spectacular but the most crucial phase because it was during this period that Montgomery pinned and ground down most of the German armour.

(3) The break-through phase may be called an all-American show. While the British and Canadians were holding down the Panzers, the American first surged south and, after capturing the Brest peninsula, wheeled eastwards along the valley of the Sarthe and the Loire. This was done in the approved—and improved—Blitzkrieg fashion and the American spearheads under Bradley and Patton are rushing headlong towards the German frontier.

(4) Encirclement—and the resultant annihilation—marks the fourth phase, which was enacted, first, in the Falaise trap and, second, in the wider pincer thrown around the retreating German Seventh Army. That Army has been most thoroughly routed, though its remnants are still being rounded up. All the first three phases were, of course, leading to the fourth, which marked their climax.

Headlong Pursuit

It is estimated that the battle of Normandy alone has cost the Germans 400,000 men killed, wounded, missing and prisoners, including a score of Generals, 1,300 tanks and 3,500 guns. If we add to this the casualties in Southern France, it can be seen how complete the German collapse is. Both the Seventh and the Nineteenth Armies have been destroyed, while a new two-pronged Allied thrust threatens the Fifteenth German Army with the fate of the other two.

What is the exact position of the Battle of France to-day? We can best describe it by saying that the entire battle-front is being rolled up towards the German and Belgian frontiers. The German forces are fleeing so fast that it is more of a pursuit than a battle. The Allied columns are hot on their trails striking in what direction they like.

Advance elements of General Patton's armour are now about 70 miles from Germany and the Siegfried Line. Another column has crossed the Meuse and is now barely ten miles from the Belgian border in the outskirts of Sedan. To the west the British have captured Amiens and Rouen and are extending their bridgehead on the Somme. In the centre the Americans are advancing on Compiegne, through the forest of Compiegne, where in June 1940 Hitler staged the surrender of France, in the very railway coach in which Marshal Foch had accepted the German capitulation in 1918.

Battle Of London!

In Britain, eyes are focused upon the advance of General Dempsey's Second Army, which has captured Amiens and is heading towards Pas de Calaise—from where the flying bombs are supposed to come. The Second Army is thus fighting not so much to liberate France as Southern England and London from the doodlebug menace.

"One more kilometre; one less flying bomb, was the gist of an order of the day issued by a senior British General with the Second Army. Apart from this this is the first time that a British column has broken out in a big way after being locked up in Normandy so long. There will be thus some healthy rivalry as to who marches into Germany first.

In this connection it is curious—and more than curious—to note that the Red Army though it is for many weeks standng on the doorstep of East Prussia—that is where the Junkers come from—has not actually set foot on German soil yet. Nor has it marched into Warsaw, where an abortive and what seems to be unauthorised uprising by Polish patriots is being dealt with demoniacal fury by the German occupying forces, who realize that their days are numbered.

Though we were informed many days ago that Soviet cameramen have focused their lenses for filming the entry of the Red Army into Prussia, that historic event has not yet materialised. This may be due to the fierce resistance of the Germans who are defending their Fatherland. Though the Red Army was thus temporarily stalled in the northern and central front, as usual it suddenly switched its offensive to the southern front which was lying quiescent so long.

It has already reaped brilliant military and political victories. Pouring through the Galatz gap, it swiftly captured Constanza and Ploesti and has reached Bucharest, where it has been hailed as an ally and a liberator. The example of Rumania is proving infectious and the German hegemony of the Balkans is vanishing into thin air. The Red Army and the Allied forces may well join hands somewhere in the Balkans and thus open up one more front! Another Frankenstein's monster for the Fuehrer!

And so on this anniversary day one may well look forward confidently to the end of the war. It may, indeed, come quicker than we have the right to hope for. It will, however, mark only half the victory. The war in the East—the war in which India is most intimately interested—will not end with the war in the West as it did not begin with it. That is a sobering thought!

FROM 'D' DAY TO TO-DAY

The Outstanding Events Of The War

June 4—Allied troops capture Rome.
June 6—Allies invade Normandy.
June 10—The Russians begin their offensive against Finland.
June 12—Allies control 60-mile coastal strip in Normandy.
June 14—United States Marines and Army troops land on Saipan in the Marianas.
June 15—U.S. B-29 Superfortresses bomb Japan from bases in Western China.
June 15—Chinese troops capture Kamaing in Burma.
June 19—U.S. Navy planes bomb the Japanese-held Caroline Islands in the Pacific, for the first time.
June 20—Last of the Japanese driven out of Assam. Russians capture Viborg.
June 21—Allied naval air forces attack Andaman Islands in Pacific.
June 23—Russians begin their summer offensive, driving towards Minsk.
June 26—Cherbourg falls.
Vitebsk falls to Russians.
Mogaung taken by Chinese.
June 28—British launch major offensive in Normany, in direction of Caen and Tilly-sur-Seulles.
July 3—Red Army captures Minsk.
July 7—American B-29 Superfortresses launch second attack on the Japanese mainland.
July 9—Admiral Nimitz announces the conquest of Saipan. British and Canadian troops liberate Caen in France.
July 13—Russian troops complete the capture of Vilna.
July 14—Red Army captures Pinsk.
July 18—U.S. First Army takes St. Lo in France. General Tojo "relieved" as army Chief-of-Staff, and resigns with his cabinet.
July 20—Adolph Hitler escapes with slight bruises when bomb explodes at his headquarters.
July 21—American assault troops invade Guam.
July 24—Red Army takes Lublin.
July 28—Russian troops capture Brest-Litovsk and Przemysl.
July 31—Americans liberate Avranches in Normandy. American marines conquer Tinian in the Pacific.
August 1—American troops advance into Brittany.
August 2—Turkey breaks off diplomatic relations with Germany.
August 3—Myitkyina falls.
August 4—In Germany Hitler orders army purge.
August 6—Russians capture the great Polish oil centre of Drohobycz.
August 9—American armoured forces enter Le Mans and capture all of St. Malo except citadel. Battle for Guam ends—all Japanese resistance is over.
August 10—U.S. B-29's bomb industrial targets in Kyushu Island in Japan.
Allied Headquarters announce consolidation of all airborne forces into a separate army under command of Lt. Gen. Lewis H. Brereton.
August 12—Florence liberated by Allies.
August 15—Allied troops invade southern France on broad front between Marseille and Nice.
British troops in Eastern India have driven to within 5 miles of Burmese border.
August 17—In southern France Allies penetrated to a depth of 35 miles, with the capture of Draguignan.
August 18—German troops at St. Malo in Brittany capitulate.
August 19—Allies liberate 6 more towns in southern France: German prisoners total in this area already exceeds 10,000.
B-29 Superfortresses continue day and night attacks on Kyushu Island in Japan.
August 22—Allied Supreme Headquarters announced that F.F.I. has liberated 14 departments and all but one capital in southern France. 50,000 square miles were involved.
Russian troops capture Yassy and 350 other places in Rumania in 3 days of fighting and kill 37,675 Germans and Rumanians.
August 23—British and Canadian troops capture Deauville.
Marseille and Grenoble liberated by Allied troops.
Parisian patriots rout German troops out of Paris.
Rumania quits Axis.
August 25—In southern France, the Allied army advances to within 120 miles of German frontier.
Red Army captures Kishinev on Bessarabian front.
August 26—New Rumanian Government declares war on Germany.
August 27—British forces cross the Seine at Vernon and Louviers.
Russian troops shatter Galati Gap defences between the Danube and the Carpathians, pouring into the Ploesti oil region, capturing 18,000 more Germans.
August 28—Allied troops reach the Rhone in the vicinity of Montelimar.
August 29—Russians capture Constantine, largest Black Sea port.
The last German garrison surrenders at Toulon.
American troops liberate Soissons, Belleau Woods and Chatieu-Thierry in France.
August 30—Allies capture Montelimar.
Red Army takes Ploesti in Rumania.
Allied troops are within 35 miles of Belgian border.
August 31—Bordeaux falls. Amiens captured by the British and bridgehead set up on the Somme. Allied troops within 15 miles of the Belgian border.
Red Army forces have entered Bucharest.
September 1—Allies capture Dieppe and Verdun.
September 2—An American column reported to be on the German frontier.—U.S.O.W.I.

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CITY AND SUBURBS

To-day

Hindu: Bhadrapad Vad 1, 2000.
Muslim: Ramzan 14, 1313.
Parsi: Gatha 5, 1313.
Sunrise: 7-24 a. m.; Sunset 7-52 p. m.
Hightide: 13-19; Lowtide 6-41, 19-22.

To-day's Engagements

RAMDAS ANANDASHRAM—(Kanhangad) discourse, in Marathi by Sri R. K. Kamath on "God, personal and impersonal" at 5-0 p. m. today (Sunday).

SOUTH INDIAN ASSOCIATION BOMBAY—18th Annual General Body Meeting at Association Premises today (Sunday) at 5 p. m.

UNITED LODGE OF THEOSOPHISTS: Public Lecture on "Reincarnation and Memory." Jehangir Wadia Bldg., Flora Fountain today (Sunday) 6-15 p. m.

BUDDHA SOCIETY—Dr. Chatterjee will give a series of talks on "Buddha and the Yoga" every Sunday at 9-45 a. m. (S. T) The first talk will be given today (Sunday) at Anand Vihara, Nair Hospital Compound, near Bombay Central Station.

CIVIC RIGHTS AND RESPONSIBILITIES—A public meeting under the joint auspices of the Bombay Suburban Civic Voters' Association and the Kandivli Hitwardhak Mandal today (Sunday) at 9-30 a. m. (I. S. T.) in the Hall of the Kandivli Hitwardhak Mandal, Ghodbunder Road at Kandivli (about three minutes walk from the Railway Station) when Prof. J. J. Anjaria and others will address on Civic Rights and responsibilities.

GAUDIYA MISSION—Mahopadesak Pandit Sripad K. M. Bhaktibandhav on "How to be immortal" in English today (Sunday) at 6-30 p. m. Cullian-das Building, Gowalia Tank Road, "Sankirtanam" will precede and follow.

SHRI MAHAVIRA JAINA VIDYALAYA—Twenty-ninth annual general meeting today (Sunday) at 4 p. m. (S. T.) in the Vidyalaya Lecture Hall, Gowalia Tank Road.

VARNASRAM SWARAJYA SANGHA—Public meeting of the Hindus at Madhavbag today (Sunday) at 6-30 p. m. when Pandit Girdhar Sharma of Jeypur will deliver a lecture on the Proposed Hindu Code.

PRAYERS AT SYNAGOGUE—In response to the announcement made by the Government of India, a special prayer, in connection with the 5th anniversary of the outbreak of war, will be held at the "Gate of Mercy" synagogue, Samuel Street, Mandvi, Bombay, today (Sunday) at 7-0 a. m. (N.S.T.) and at the conclusion of the service Mr. D. M. Samuel will address the gathering.

SHIVAJI PARK CHARKHA SANGH—Competition in 'Swinging the Indian Clubs' today (Sunday) at 5-30. This competition is open only to the members of R.S.S., R.S.D., Lok Sena, and the Bharat Vyayam Mandir and Samarth Vvayam Mandir of Dadar

MERCANTILE BANK OF INDIA LTD.—This Bank has received a telegraphic advice from its London Office intimating that the Board of Directors have declared an Interim Dividend for the half-year ended 30th June 1944 at the rate of 3 p. c. less Income-Tax.

KANARA SARASWAT ASSOCIATION—Prof. Parekh of Ruia College, will speak on 'The Future of the Middle Class' at 5-30 p. m. today (Sunday) in Asscciation Hall, Talmakiwadi Tardeo.

CHARTERED BANK OF INDIA AUSTRALIA AND CHINA—This Bank has received a telegram from the Head Office as follows: Directors have declared an interim dividend for past half year at the rate of 5 per cent per annum subject to income-tax dividend payable 27th September.

RASHTRABHASHA PRACHAR SABHA, MATUNGA—Hindi Convocation at 4-30 p m today (Sunday) in the Asthika Samaj Hall Matunga. Mr. Abid Ali Jafferbhai to preside.

C R. FORMULA PROTEST DAY—Bombay Sikhs will publicly protest against C. R.-Gandhi formula in their weekly gathering today (Sunday) between 8 and 9 p. m at the Sri Guru Singh Sabha Gurdwara at Frere Road under the auspices of the Singh Sabha

FINED FOR RIDING ON FOOTBOARDS—During the month of July 1944, 37 persons were prosecuted in the Bombay Courts and convicted for travelling on footboards of trains on the G.I.P. Railway In 13 cases, a fine of Rs 5 each was imposed and varying fines in the other cases.

NATIONAL WAR FRONT:

Public meeting to mark the Fifth Anniversary of the War at 5-30 P.M. to-day at the Mysore Chemical and Soap Works, Sion. Mr. Fazal I Rahimtoola, C.I.E., will preside. Some prominent speakers will address the meeting. War Songs by Vimal Sule and Sushila Tembe.

Mrs. Jijibai Tukaram Shet Chowdhri, proprietor of Nirnayasagar Printing Press, who died on Thursday evening at her residence at Chikalwadi.

TO-DAY ON RADIO

(SUNDAY, Sept. 3).

BOMBAY—1.

244 m. (1,231 kc/s)—8-0 a.m. Gat Bhairavin. 8-5 News (H.). 8-15 News (E.). 8-30 Music from Film. 8-50 News (M.). 9-0 News (G.). 9-10 To-morrow. 9-15 A. R. Oza. 9-30 Shankerrao Alkutkar. 9-50 Hori Dhamar. 10-5 Susheela Varadarjan. 11-0 AIR Orchestra. 11-15 Ram Marathe. 11-30 Trijee Sepember (G.). 11-45 Nisar Husain (Baroda).

12-45 p.m. News (M.). 12-50 News (G.). 12-55 News (H.). 1-0 Music from Films. 1-30 News (E.). 1-40 Opera Orchestra. 5-0 D. G. Kavle. 5-20 Violin Recital: Purba. 5-30 Bhajan. 5-40 Shankerrao Alkutkar. 5-55 Local Announcements. 6-0 Ram Marathe. 6-30 (E.). 6-40 News (H.). 6-45 A. R. Oza. 7-0 Uddhachi Geli Pach Varshe (M.). 7-15 D. G. Kavle. 7-30 Ghazalen. 7-42 Flute. 7-50 Susheela Varadrajan. 8-15 I Was Listening (E.). 8-25 News (M.). 8-35 News (G.). 8-45 Jang Ki Salgirah (H). 9-0 News (H.). 9-20 News (E.). 9-30 B. B. C. News. 9-45 Five Years of War (E.), by Commander-in-Chief (Delhi relay). 10-0 Fifth Anniversary of World War.

BOMBAY—II

61.48 m. (4,880 kc/s)—8-0 to 8-5 a.m. As in Bombay 1. 8-5 Marathi Songs. 8-15 to 8-50 As in Bombay 1 8-50 Bhajan. 9-0 Jaltarang Solo. 9-10 to 10-0 As in Bombay 1.

41.44 m. (7,240 kc/s)—11-0 to 2-30 p.m. As in Bombay 1.

48.73 m. (6,150 kc/s)—5-0 to 7-15 p.m. As in Bombay 1.

89.15 m. (3,365 kc/s)—7-30 to 7-42 p.m. As in Bombay 1. 7-42 Musical Interlude. 7-45 Calling Rural Listeners. 8-15 to 8-25 As in Bombay 1. 8-25 Shankerrao Alkutkar. 8-45 to 9-0 As in Bombay 1. 9-0 Ram Marathe. 9-30 A. R. Oza. 9-45 to 10-0 As in Bombay 1. 10-0 Nisar Husain. 11-0 Close down

Altekar To Speak On People's Theatre

Under the auspices of the Indian People's Theatre Association, Director Altekar of the National Theatre Academy, well-known Marathi stage and screen producer, will speak on "My Conception of the People's Theatre" today (Sunday) at 6-30 p. m at Blavatsky Lodge. He will also give a demonstration of voice-training. There will be songs by People's Theatre Squad.

Hotel Keepers Protest Against Closure Of Hotels At 11 p.m.

A deputation consisting of M H Vyas Advocate, S A Hussain Haji Suleman and others waited on the Commissioner of Police, on behalf of the Bombay and Suburban Hotel Keepers Association on Tuesday and acquainted him with the hardships and intricacies which would result from the compulsory closure of Hotels at 11 p.m.

The commissioner sympathetically heard the deputation and promised to represent the case of the Hotel Keepers Association to the Governor for the extension of time for the closure of the hotels at night.

THE ABDUL KARIM KHAN SANGEET PRACHAR MANDAL—A few admirers of the late Abdul Karim Khan have founded the above institution with the twin objects of spread and preservation of the art. The President of the Mandal is Sir Chinubhai Madhowlal, Bart. The Mandal will arrange programmes by able artists who can render "Ragas" with an explanation of the chief features thereof, thereby providing both entertainment and instruction The Mandal also proposes to extend all possible help to promising students of Hindustani Music. The membership of the Mandal is open to all lovers of Music The office of the Mandal is at C/2, Saraswats Co-operative Buildings, Gamdevi, Bombay No. 7.

LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE

London, Sept. 1

Rupee Paper 3-1/2 p c £72-3/8 Consols 2-1/2 p c £79-1/16, Conversion Loan 3-1/2 p c 1961 £104-1/16. War Loan 3-1/2 p c £104-3/8, Funding Loan 4 p c 1960/90 £113-3/4. Victory Bonds 4 p c £111-13/16. Chartered Bank of I. A. and China £12. Hongkong and Shanghai Bank (London reg.) £88-1/2. National Bank of India £42-1/4.

COTTON MARKET CLOSED

BOMBAY, Sept. 2.

The local Cotton Market was officially closed to-day as a mark of respect to the death of a member.

COTTON PARITY.

Indian Cotton September contract is quoted 612 cent points below New York October at Exchange rate 331.

Gold & Silver

BOMBAY, Sept. 2.

The local bullion market was quietly steady with a fair amount of business. It appears that since the commencement of selling of Silver by the Bank there is considerable decrease in forward business and speculative sales on hopes of early end of the war, often help the market in keeping steady tone as the Bank is not selling any Silver at lower levels. Gold is also moving within a narrow range. Ready Silver Rs. 132/4, Forward Rs. 131. Ready Gold Rs. 75/5. Forward Rs. 75/1 Sovereigns Rs. 51/10

INDIAN STOCK EXCHANGE.

Tata Ordinary 388, Aata Deferred 2,070, Indian Iron 37/14, Steel Corpn of Bengal 31/2, Bombay Dyeing 1,765, Central India 385, Century 777/8 Gokak 290, Kohinoor 575/10, Simplex 234, Andhra Valley 1,875, Tata Hydro 204/6, Tata Power 1,915, Associated Cement 231, Belapur 238/12, Bombay Burma (Old) 527/8.

Bombay Produce

BOMBAY, Sept. 2.

The local produce market was quiet to-day without any change in quotations. The British Food Ministry is not buying from Bombay and is buying only from Madras Coast and it is possible that the quotation will be reduced further by 5 shillings. In the local market, Goa delivery Groundnuts were quoted at Rs. 15/15, Bold Millers' permit Rs. 15/4, quality Rs. 16/2, Sellers' permit Bold Rs. 16 and quality Rs. 16/14, Castorseeds Navlakhi Rs. 15/15 and Goa delivery Rs. 16/4, Linseed C. P. and U. P Rs. 15/2 and Moglai Rs. 14/12.

FAVOURABLE WAR NEWS DEPRESS AMERICAN COTTON PRICES.

New York, Sept. 1.

Cotton eased on increased liquidation, hedging and indifferent off-take attributed principally to exceptionally favourable war news and the approaching extended week-end uncertainties Finally the market steadied slightly on covering, but closed barely steady at a decline of 13 to 19 points.

NEW YORK COTTON.

October 21.52—13, December 21.30—13, January 21.19—14 March 21.06—25 May 20.80—16, July 20.39—19 October highest 21.63—02 (10-31 a.m), October lowest 21.51—14 (2-33 p.m.), Middling Spot 22.12—14.

NEW YORK COTTON NOON CALL

October 21.58, December 21.36, March 21.14.

NEW ORLEANS COTTON.

October 21.51—11, December 21.30—12, January 21.16—13, March 21.10—13, May 20.83—14, July 20.40—19, Middling Spot 21.35—10

ALL-INDIA WEATHER

POONA, Sept. 2: The following is the weather chart showing the maximum and minimum temperatures and rainfall in inches recorded at nine hours L. M. T. on 30th Aug. 1944:—

Allahabad 85 77 0.1, BOMBAY 86 77 T, Calcutta 88 80 0, Cawnpore 78 76 3.9, Cuttack 90 nil 0.2, Darjeeling 66 56 0.9, Delhi 95 77 0, Dehra Dun 86 69 2.5, Jacobabad 100 82 0, Karachi 88 82 0, Lahore 99 81 0, Lucknow 80 76 2.4 Madras 93 77 0.2, Nagpur 88 75 0, Patna 89 81 0.2, Shillong 77 65 0.3, Simla 70 59 0.8.—A. P.

CALICUT QUOTATIONS.

CALICUT, Sept. 2.

Cocoanuts Raw Rs. 61, Dry Rs. 90, Cocoanut Oil Rs. 310, Copra Office Rs. 180, Dilpasand Rs. 190, Madrasnottam Rs. 200, Goodgooda Rs. 225, Pepper Wynaad Rs. 280, Country Rs. 270, Dry Ginger Chernad Rs. 190, Ernad Rs. 180, Coffee Robusta Rs. 108.

HAPUR QUOTATIONS

HAPUR, Sept. 2.

Wheat Rs. 10/2, Dara Rs. 9/12, Gram Rs. 7/6, Barley Rs. 6/2, Peas Rs. 6/8, Arhar Rs. 6/9, Oats Rs. 9, Rapeseed Rs. 11/12, Gur Rs. 6/4 to 7, Guwar Maha Rs. 6/3, Urd Maha Rs. 9/11. Easy on heavy speculative sales and good rains Moong Maha Rs. 9/3, Bardana Asoj Rs. 46/12, Mangsir Rs. 48/4, Silver unquoted.

RAJKOT QUOTATIONS.

RAJKOT, Sept. 2.

Silver Bhadarva Rs. 126/8/0, Silver Aso Rs. 122/8/0, Groundnut Oil Posh delivery Rs. 14/13/6.

JAMNAGAR MARKET.

JAMNAGAR, Sept. 2.

Silver and Gold Market was closed. Groundnut Oil Rs. 15.

CUTCH EXCHANGE.

BHUJ, Sept. 2.

To-day's rate of Koris 332.

CHARTERED BANK DIVIDEND.

The Directors of the Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China have declared an interim dividend for past half year at rate of 5 per cent per annum subject to income-tax dividend payable 27th September.

BANK OF ENGLAND RETURN.

London, August 31.

Total bullion £1,773,000; Public deposits £14,400,000; (A) Other deposits £258,100,000; Government securities £203,300,000, (B) Other securities £25,200,000; Notes, gold and silver coin £55 700 000; Notes in circulation £1,146,000,000; Ratio of reserve to liabilities 20.46 per cent; (A) Other deposits include bankers £201,900,000; (B) Other securities include discounts and advances £6,200,000; Total deposits £272,500,000; Total Securities £228,500,000.

R

RENEWAL OF RATION CARDS IN E (WEST) & E (EAST) WARDS.

The work of renewing the current ration cards by pasting slips over them will be done during the current week at the shops mentioned below in E (West) and E (East) Wards

Those whose cards are registered at any of the shops should send all the cards of the household on the usual day during the week when they normally draw their rations and get them renewed. Cards should be got renewed even if no rations are drawn during the week.

RATIONS WILL NOT BE ALLOWED TO BE DRAWN ON UNRENEWED CARDS DURING THE SUBSEQUENT WEEKS.

The hours for renewal and also for issue of rations at the ration shops concerned during this week will be 8-30 a.m. to 11-30 a.m. and 3 p.m. to 7 p.m. and at the Government Grain Shops 8 a.m. to 12 noon and 2 p.m. to 6 p.m.

E (West) WARD

Ration Shops Nos.: 95, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 150, 151, 165, 168, 170, 210, 212 222, 223, 227, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 419, 425, 470, 522, 548, 555

Government Grain Shops Nos.: 15, 29, 42, 51, 71, 72, 105, 115, 178, 179, 186, 187 221, 222

Communal Store No.: 66.

Co-operative Societies Nos.: 13, 35.

E (East) WARD.

Ration Shops Nos.: 72, 167, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 202, 204, 206, 209, 213, 215, 216, 219, 220, 226, 276, 399, 400, 401, 443, 471, 483, 535, 550.

Government Grain Shops Nos.: 43, 53, 67, 68, 85, 110, 128, 132, 145, 148, 170, 226.

Communal Stores Nos.: 9, 28, 51, 59.

Co-operative Societies No.: 1.

PRAKASH'S

KAVITA

Daily: 4, 7, 9-45

CAPITOL

MAT. ON SUN. & MON. 1 P.M.

Starring: RATNAMALA, UMAKANT, JEEVAN KANTA KUMARI, BABY TARA & Others.

Direction: K. J. PARMAR & MAHESHCHANDRA

Ad. Booking: 10 to 12 & 4 to 6.

An EVERGREEN Release.

Plans for Khordad Sal Day bookings Open at Theatre.

STRENGTH, UNITY AND DISCIPLINE

These Must Govern New Activities Of Organised Congress: Patil's Appeal To Students

A post-war plan for the organisational reconstruction of the Indian National Congress was suggested by Mr. S. K. Patil, in the course of his presidential address to the All-Bombay City Students' Conference, which opened at the Compound of the Vanita Vishram, on Saturday evening.

"Neither the Prime Minister of Britain, nor the Viceroy of India are the final arbiters of our destiny. It rests in our own hands and we alone can make or mar our future. We are determined to make it. It was hoped at one time that Britain in her own interest will go to our help and would wish to help us and be our friend. They have chosen otherwise. It only means that our struggle will be harder and we must be prepared for it".

This was the call to action given by Mr. B. G. Kher, who inaugurated the Conference.

GANDHIJI'S MESSAGE WORKS

Scenes of great enthusiasm were witnessed at the Conference. A vast Shamiana was packed to its capacity by about 5,000 students and visitors. Entrance was regulated and students lined up in queues for a long time to have their passes checked and admitted.

A piquant touch was added to the proceedings of the Confersnce by the injunction given by Mahatma Gandhi in a message to the organisers, that the proceedings should be in Hindustani or an Indian language. The students tried their heroic best to switch over and even speeches which had been prepared and printed in English were delivered in Indian languages. Extemporised translations were the order of the day and the occasional use of English words called forth shouts from the audience. Mr. B. G. Kher led the way by announcing that he had gone to Hindustani classes along with his children and could speak the national language in comfort.

STUDENTS' DUTIES

Messages wishing the conference success were received from Mahatma Gandhi, Mr. Yusuf Meherally, Mr. Nagindas Master, Mr. G. V. Mavlankar and from various students' organisations.

Inaugurating the Conference Mr. Kher referred to the situation in the country as it had developed since the passing of the "Quit India" resolution. The conditions prevailing at present he described as, insufferable.

While the main business of the student was to study and pursuit of knowledge and understanding, Mr. Kher pointed out that this did not imply that they should not serve their country, but just sit and find fault with others and philosophise.

NO SUPPRESSION OF NATIONS

Mr. Kher quoted from M. Jean Joures, an eminent French Socialist who said: "It is only by the free Federation of autonomous nations which have given up the exercise of military force and have submitted themselves to the rule of law that human unity can be realised. It will not be by the suppression of national life, but by its ennoblement that Nations will rise to be part of humanity without losing any of their independence, integrity, their nobility or their genius."

Mr. Kher claimed that this was exactly the content of the Congress demand as contained in the August resolution. It was the same ideal that Congressmen kept before themselves and which they called upon the British rulers to adopt.

HIT AT SIR CHIMANLAL

Describing the events which had taken place since then Mr. Kher referred to the criticisms which were being levelled against Mahatma Gandhi. Sir Chimanlal Setalvad, for instance, had said that it was undemocratic to follow Mahatma Gandhi. Mr. Kher's answer was that "people unhesitatingly follow a leader who leads them to liberty honestly and courageously, selflessly and fearlessly even if he leads them through danger and suffering, dungeons and death and, alas! they will not follow anyone else who may claim to lead them cautiously and even prudently, if he can only lead them to slavery and safety. That is the nature of democracy."

CURRENT POLITICS

Dealing with current political questions Mr. Kher said:—

"Ever since the War broke out, we argued and persuaded, coaxed and wooed, we pointed out how it was in the best interests of both countries to enlist the sympathies and goodwill of the teeming millions of this country to canalise their energies and utilise them in destroying the ugly monsters of Fascism, Nazism and wanton aggression. What was the reply which Imperialism gave? They spurned our offer with contempt. They refused to look at our proferred hand of friendship and said they could get all they wanted from India and did not need our assistance. At last on the 8th of August 1942 the Congress which represents the bulk of the country, whatever you may say, recorded its determination and solemnly uttered its warning. No amount of shootings and imprisonments and lathi charges, mass fines and other repressive measures will be able to swerve it from its avowed purpose. That is the lesson of history. One can understand the impatience of youth and their being sceptical about the ability of the Congress to wrest freedom from the unwilling hands of Britain by the methods which under Mahatma Gandhi's guidance Congress has determined to follow. But I confess that I am not only surprised but deeply pained when I read in Anglo-Indian papers, ridicule of Mahatma Gandhi's insistence on methods of nonviolence and truth, Satyagraha and his constructive programme. I hope a careful study of the last 20 years of our struggle will convince you that the determination and strength of the people to achieve Swaraj are day by day increasing and they are bound to attain their goal whatever Mr. Churchill may say. It will be your privilege to lead them to march along with them. The demand for immediate National Government made by Gandhiji does not mean abandonment of our goal but our determination to win it.

RAJAJI FORMULA

"As regards the proposals made with Mahatma Gandhi's approval to the Muslim League I hope you, Nationalist Students, will appreciate that they emphasize the prior attainment of independence and the complete transfer to the people of India of full power and responsibility for the governance of India. They contemplate a plebiscite to ascertain the will of the people and mutual agreements for safeguarding essential purposes. Mahatmaji has given an assurance that no terms will be arrived at which will compromise or ignore a single interest. You must therefore wholeheartedly extend your support to him."

Mr. N. V Gadgil gave a single sentence message to the students and that was "As long as we live we shall fight."

Mr. S. K. Patil in the course of his presidential address complimented the students on the magnificent part they had played in the struggle for Independence. He did not share the view that politics ought to be taboo with the students particularly during such critical times as the world was passing through at present.

INDIAN DEMAND AND WAR

Dealing with the political situation Mr. Patil drew pointed attention to the fact "Great Britain whose war-leaders proclaimed from the housetops the right of independence even to the smallest countries in Europe and Africa in occupation of the enemy forces, has all along maintained and even strengthened its imperialist hold over this country, of 400 million souls." He said that it was an irony of fate and, indeed, a "tragedy of the first magnitude that Indian leaders like Pandit Jawaharlal and others who abhor Fascism and all that goes with it even more than Mr. Churchill and Mr. Amery should rot for years together behind prison-bars for upholding those very principles which today are the proclaimed aims of the United Nations."

NO SUBVERSIVE ACTIVITIES

Tracing the entire history of the Indian demand for freedom during the war till the passing of the resolution of August 1942, Mr. Patil hailed the resolution as "the gratest document in the history of our political struggle." He further stated that ti was "a charter of India's freedom and a harbinger of the World Federation of free nations which alone can prevent aggression and exploitation by one nation over another."

Dealing with the sanction clause of the resolution he emphatically repudiated the charges made against the Congress that it "had planned and issued instructions regarding the subversive activities which followed the arrest of leaders."

Coming to the current political situation Mr. Patil said that there was abundant proof of the allegation made by Mahatma Gandhi that there was a "diabolical conspiracy" to thwart India's freedom. The Government was obviously bent on keeping the deadlock intact and as soon as one problem was settled it raised new hurdles.

RAJAJI PROPOSALS

Dealing with the forthcoming Gandhi-Jinnah meeting Mr. Patil said:—

The communal proposals which will form the basis of Gandhi-Jinnah negotiations have given rise to a controversy which is unparalleled in misrepresentation of facts and virulence of language. The parties like the Hindu Mahasabha and the Sikhs in the Punjab have pledged themselves to torpedo these proposals with all the strength at their command. There have been apprehensions about these proposals even in some of the quarters usually friendly to the Congress. After having made a careful study of these proposals and after having discussed them with numerous friends in Congress and outside, I can assure you that most of these apprehensions are based on inaccurate understanding of the proposals themselves and the mischievous propaganda set afoot by interested persons and parties. I do not read anywhere in these proposals, that Gandhiji is going to Mr. Jinnah to offer him 'Pakistan' on a silver platter. The wording of the proposals shows an insight and statesmanship far above the average. The spirit of these proposals is in complete consonance with the right of self-determination which the Congress has already granted to the minoritie by one of its previous resolutions. Before the Commission for taking plebiscite is appointed, the Muslim League is required to endorse India's demand for Independence and has to co-operate with the Congress for the formation of a provisional interim government for the transition period. The terms in the proposals are going to be binding only in case of transfer by British of full power and responsibility for the Government of India. All the parties now clamouring against the division and those that insist on such a division are free to advocate their points of view before the proposed plebiscite is held. After all these precautions are taken, if the Muslims in the socalled Pakistan zone still insist on a separate sovereign state in areas in which they get an over-all majority for their view in the proposed plebiscite, how could it be consistent with our solemn declaration of the right of self-determination to deny them that right?

"NEW ORGANISATION"

Mr. Patil said that there was evidence that attempts were being made to build up an anti-Congress front and to by-pass the political question by talking of economic problems. These plans must be met by a more thorough organisation of the Congress. "Strength, Unity and Discipline" must be the watchwords of the Congress. He visualised a campaign of organisational reconstruction which must contact and influence every aspect of our corporate life. In this campaign, he thought, the students would have a great part to play.

The Conference passed a number of resolutions. The first was one of condolence covering the death of Kasturba Gandhi, Mr. R. S. Pandit, Acharya. P. C. Ray, Begum Azad, Mr. S. Satyamurti, Mr. Mahadev Desai, Com. Kotwal, joint secretary of the North Bombay Students' Union and Mr. Dadu Patil, a student worker of Khandesh.

Anoher resolution appealed to the students to subscribe for and co-operate in making collections for the Kasturba Gandhi National Memorial Fund.

The conference also adopted resolutions calling for the abolition of the communal pentangular and the modification of the paper control order so as to provide increased supplies for educational purposes.

A resolution criticising the Sargent scheme of education and calling for the preparation of a truly national scheme of education was also passed.

STUDENTS' DEMANDS

Another resolution set out the demands of the students. The demands included the nationalisation of the University, the abolition of profit-making schools, modifications of syllabus and systems of examinations student representation of school committees and the recognition of the right of freedom of speech and opinion within schools and colleges.

Mr. Raja Kulkarni, Chairman of the reception committee welcoming the delegates to the conference said that the main objective of student organisations should be to fight for national education.

Mr. Kulkarni, Miss V. S. Ratna, Mr. Manu Damani, Mr. R. J. Joshi and others spoke on the various resolutions.

The conference will resume its session today (Sunday).

"NATIONALIST MUSLIMS MUST BE CONSULTED"

Huq Calls Conference In Calcutta To Discuss C. R. Formula

CALCUTTA, Sept. 2

Mr. Fazlul Huq has issued the following statement regarding the Conference of Nationalist Muslims called by him:—

"The recent move of Mahatma Gandhi to come to an understanding with Mr. Jinnah on the basis of Mr. Rajagopalachari's formula has deeply stirred the political life of India. Grave issues have been raised and it is necessary that every important section in the political life of the country must clearly state its attitude to these problems.

Mr. Rajagopalachari's formula is not clear as to what will be the fate of the very large number of Muslims who will be left in a hopeless minority in the Provinces that will constitute Hindustan or the Central Indian States.

Nor does it clearly lay out how the boundaries of a Province like Bengal where the Muslims and Hindus are inextricably mixed up is to be defined.

NATIONALIST MUSLIMS NOT CONSULTED

It is also a matter of regret that before Mahatma Gandhi made a definite commitment he did not see fit to consult those other sections of Muslim opinion which for various reasons do not see eye to eye with the policy of Mr. Jinnah. The Nationalist Muslims have always been in the forefront of attempts to achieve a settlement between Hindus and Muslims and they have never allowed any consideration of personal or private interest to stand in the way of such a happy consummation.

It can also hardly be denied that in spite of their lack of organisation and division into many parties and groups the Nationalist Muslims constitute a considerable section of Muslims in the country.

The consolidation in various conferences from time to time has proved their strength. It is therefore necessary in the present circumstances for the Nationalist Muslims of different sections and parties to meet and define their attitude and programme in respect of the present proposals before the country.

I have therefore decided to convene in Calcutta an Informal Conference of leaders of all important groups and parties of Nationalist Muslims of India in the first week of October and already sent out invitation for the purpose.

I would appeal to all of them to attend this Conference without fail as the formulation of the point of view of Nationalist Muslims, both in respect of settlement between Hindus and Muslims as well as safeguarding the lives and interests of Muslims in the minority areas is carried on not only for the sake of the future of the Muslim community, but also for the sake of the future peace and prosperity of India as a whole.—A. P.

NO OFFER TO RAJA MAHESHWAR DAYAL

Jinnah Contradicts Tara Singh's Statement

BOMBAY, Sept. 2

Mr. M. A. Jinnah, President of the All-India Muslim League, has issued the following statement to the Press:

My attention has been drawn to a report of Master Tara Singh's interview that has appeared in the Press. The statement made by Master Tara Singh that I had made an offer to Raja Maheshwardayal Seth which was discussed at a Delhi meeting of Hindus and Sikhs is entirely untrue.

I never met Raja Maheshwardayal Seth in 1942, nor have I met him at any other time, and the proposals attributed to me, according to Master Tara Singh's statement, as having been made to Raja Maheshwardayal Seth, directly or indirectly, are a pure fiction.—A. P.

WHERE GANDHI AND JINNAH STAND!

London Journal On "Confusing Tangle Of Indian Communities"

LONDON, Sept. 2: The journal "Great Britain and The East" in a leader headed "Indian Blindness" states, "Japanese power is cracking everywhere. Is the end to find the Indian politician as unprepared as he is to-day to take advantage of the offer of complete self-government that has been repeatedly made? It would seem so from all present indications. Mr. Gandhi and Mr. Jinnah still spar for their respective positions and they are only two elements in the confusing tangle of Indian communities. No step has been taken to further the sensible proposal of Lord Wavell that the leaders sit down at once to work out the skeleton of a constitution so as to be prepared to make concrete suggestions to the constituent assembly when it meets. The sands are running out. Unless something is done now, years may be wasted.

That is no pleasant prospect either for India or Britain. For the former, it means continuance of the present creaking constitution: for the latter prolongation of a situation in which responsibility is cast upon it for governing while it has already given into Indian hands most of the instruments by which alone government is possible."—Reuter.

HISTORIC GWALIOR SUCCESS AT POONA RACES

Five Races Won In A Reel Including Cup Event

From Our Racing Correspondent

(From Our Racing Correspondent)

There was again a big increase in the attendance when the First Day of the Poona Big Meeting was put on action. Punters had delightful entertainment as several favourites displayed anticipated roles.

The Maharaja of Gwalior recorded historic success when reeling up the last five races in the evening. The double attraction in the programme, the Indian Breeders Cup and the Criterion were part of the Gwalior triumph.

That reputed Khan Bahadur won the Indian Breeders Cup by a narrow margin after a thrilling encounter with Medallion. Yawar and No Wonder who finished third and fourth respectively were also separated by narrow margins.

The Gwalior-owned El Morocco, Burn astride won from Jai-Vilas, the better fancied bracket companion in the Criterion.

In the second division of the First Aga Khan's Commemoration Plate, Mikhlif Jabir, the neglected candidate from the Baroda bracket, surprised when scoring a facile victory in spite of losing a couple of lengths at the send off.

Jassir and Indemnity were unlucky losers in their respective events. The first-named was badly hampered when making his efforts close home while the latter who was being hailed as the winner, was caught napping exactly at the post by Rin-Tin-Tin who shot out with rare burst of speed. They are sure to earn distinction when sent out in action.

The following are the results:—

THE YERAVDA PLATE. Division III—Distance 7 furlongs.

Mr A Higgins' GOLD MOHAR 9-0 Khade 1
Mr A J Moshi's MONTGOMERY 8-12 Bhoor Singh 2
Prince Jaysinh's EASTERN MAGIC 8-6 Shanker 3
Mr K J K Irani's TIARA 8-4 Khan Z K 4

Not run: Pakistan.
Won by: 2 1/2 lengths, Head, Short head.
Time: 1 minute 32 4/5 seconds.
Tote paid: Win Rs. 29. Places Rs. 18, Rs. 182 and Rs. 67.
Trainer: Owner.

H. H THE FIRST AGA KHAN'S COMMEMORATION PLATE. Division II—Distance 1 1/4 miles.

Maharaja of Baroda's MIKHLIF JABIR 8-3 Britt 1
Mr Saleh Moosa's JASSIR 8-4 Kheem Singh 2
Mr Dhunjishaw Jamsetjee's NIRDOSH 8-5 K Hasan 3
Messrs Minzley and Badruddin's STAR BRILLIANT 8-9 Khade 4

Not run: Lord Wavell and Dhiban.
Won by: 2 lengths, Short head, 2 1/2 lengths.
Time: 2 minutes 22 4/5 seconds.
Tote paid: Win Rs. 89. Places Rs. 62, Rs. 31 and Rs. 49.
Trainer: Rajya Ratna M C Patel.

THE YERAVDA PLATE. Division II—Distance 7 furlongs.

Mr Sutterwalla's HANDLEY CROSS 8-7 Britt 1
Lady Sherbanoo Chinoy's BLUE WATER 8-4 B McQuade 2
Maharaja of Idar's BAMBINA 8-12 Brace 3
Maharaja of Baroda's STAR OF GUJARAT 8-11 Rosario 4

Not run: Guinea Gold.
Won by: 2 1/2 lengths, 2 1/2 lengths Neck
Time: 1 minute 31 seconds
Tote paid: Win Rs. 40. Places Rs. 16, Rs. 29 and Rs. 26
Trainer: Bhagwagar.

H. H. THE FIRST AGA KHAN'S COMMEMORATION PLATE. Division I—Distance 1 1/4 miles.

Maharaja of Gwalior's RIN-TIN-TIN 7-11 Roberts 1
Maharaj Kumar of Morvi's INDEMNITY 8-8 Cook 2
Messrs S S Chenoy and S A Poonawalla's SUBHI JAZIRA 8-3 Jones 3
Maharaja of Baroda's FADILHAT AL GARB 9-4 Britt 4

All ran.
Won by: Short Head, 2 1/2 lengths, 1 1/2 lengths.
Time: 2 minutes 22 3/5 seconds.
Tote paid: Win Rs. 81. Places Rs. 17, Rs. 14 and Rs 13.
Trainer: Major Jadhav.

THE LINCOLN PLATE.—Distance 1 mile 1 furlong.

Maharaja of Gwalior's NAWABZADA 8-7 Roberts 1
Mr M J Rajpal's MOHALEBBI 8-9 Jones 2
Rao Bahadur D A Surve's WONDERFUL 9-2 West 3
Mr J Thompson's MASQUE 7-12 Sibbritt 4

Not run: Royal Blood and Alarm.
Won by: Neck 3 lengths. 1 length.
Time: 1 minute 57 seconds.
Tote paid: Win Rs. 31. Places Rs. 14, Rs. 21 and Rs 15.
Trainer: Major Jadhav.

THE INDIAN BREEDERS CUP.—Distance 7 furlongs.

Maharaja of Gwalior's KHAN BAHADUR 8-6 Roberts 1
Hon Sir Shantidas Askuran's MEDALLION 8-7 Sibbritt 2
Sir Homi Mehta's YAWAR 8-2 Thompson 3
Maharaja of Idar's NO WONDER 9-2 Brace 4

Not run: Deepak.
Won by: Neck, Head, Neck.
Time: 1 minute 28 3/5 seconds.
Tote paid: Win Rs. 44. Places Rs. 19, Rs. 18 and Rs. 47
Trainer Major Jadhav.

THE CRITERION—Distance 6 furlongs.

Maharaja of Gwalior's EL MOROCCO 8-11 Burn 1
Maharaja of Gwalior's JAI VILAS 7-7 Roberts 2
Maharani of Kashmir's MOOT LAW 8-4 Jones 3
Maharaja of Gwalior's CAERLOPTIC 9-1 F Mohd. 4

Not run: Dancing Lily.
Won by: 1 length, 1 1/2 lengths, 1 1/4 lengths.
Time: 1 minute 14 3/5 seconds.
Tote paid: Win Rs. 16. Places Rs. 16, Rs. 13 and Rs. 12.
Trainer: Major Jadhav.

THE YERAVDA PLATE. Division I—Distance 7 furlongs.

Maharaja of Gwalior's GAY JESTER 9-2 Roberts 1
Messrs A M Khairaz and A H Ahmedbhoy's BROADCAST 8-11 Marrs 2
Mr S J Bharucha's EASTER MONDAY 9-0 K Hasan 3
Maharaja of Gwalior's TYPHOON 8-9 Carr 4

Not run: Staraya-Russa, and Star of Baroda.
Tote paid: Win Rs. 19. Places Rs. 15, Rs. 13 and Rs. 21
Trainer: Major Jadhav.

SELECTIONS FOR MONDAY'S POONA RACES

HIS HIGHNESS GREATLY FANCIED IN SEPTEMBER PLATE

Ten events have been framed for the Parsee New-Year-day meeting and excepting the September Plate, good-sized fields are noticed.

His Highness is greatly fancied in the attractive event, the September Plate.

The following are my selections:—

1ST RACE: A La Grande 1, Indication 2, Highland Lad 3.

2ND RACE: Gunial 1, Wing Commander 2, Hytra 3

3RD RACE: Janab 1, Silver Screen 2, Nibras 3.

4TH RACE: Birthday Rose 1, Monastery 2, Lady Solomon 3.

5TH RACE: Promise Me 1, Khuda Hafiz 2, Raseb 3

6TH RACE: Say When 1, Passing Bell 2, Peerless 3.

7TH RACE: Firouze 1, Trusty 2, Scotch Mist 3

8TH RACE: Happy Fate 1, Gay Son 2, Sunbathing 3.

9TH RACE: His Highness 1, Haut Ton 2.

10TH RACE: Talisman 1, Royal Oak 2, Sukab Baghdad 3,

FLUKES: What Again and Shabnam.

Members of the Press and Staff of the defunct "Indian National Herald" organised a tea-party at Divadkar's Hindu Restaurant, Victoria Terminus, in honour of Mr. Horniman's Golden Jubilee on Thursday to which the staff of the "Bombay Sentinel" were also invited. Eloquent tributes were paid to Mr. Horniman by Messrs. N. S. Seshan, K. B. Kadam and R. K. Prabhu, the latter of whom described the period of existence of the "Indian National Herald" as "a glorious episode in the history of Indian journalism".

Mr. Horniman in reply spoke with affectionate memory of the support and co-operation of his old colleagues of the "Herald" days.

Embarkation H.Q. And R.A.F. Draw In Final

One of the biggest crowds of the season turned out at the Cooperage on Saturday to witness the trial of strength between the Embarkation Headquarters, League Champions and the Royal Air Force in the final of the Hinrichs Memorial Shield Football Tournament. The contest was packed with thrilling episodes and exciting moments, ending finally in a goalless draw even after extra-time was played.

The man who prevented the Airmen from winning and thus saved the Embarkation from defeat was Tawle, the latter's towering centre-half. Playing practically as a full-back, he intercepted the ball coming from all directions and cleared it away time and again before it had any chance of entering the net. Dunn in goal also played a splendid game to bring off several magnificent saves.

The defence on the R.A.F. side, Calvert in goal, and Keddie and Hayward at back in particular did all that was needed to hold the invaders at bay. Ivor Powell was as usual everywhere to help the attack and defence.

There was a good deal of body play which necessitated the temporary retirement of three or four of the Embarkation players from the field for medical attention.

Nevertheless, on the day's play the Airmen deserved to win at least by a goal. But fate was against them. The match will be replayed on Tuesday next.

C.C.I. v. Bharda High School Ends In Draw

An interesting half-day fixture was witnessed at the Brabourne Stadium on Saturday afternoon between the C.C.I. and the Bharda New High School. The Club went in to bat first and had lost seven wickets for only 40. But thereafter S. H. M. Colah and Vijay Merchant came to the rescue of the team each contributing 32 runs respectively. The C.C.I. innings closed with total at 154.

From the school side G. K. Patel took five wickets for 68 and B. Mohydawala three for 36.

Thereafter batting for the remaining part of the day the school boys lost five wickets for 81, the match thus ending in a draw.

C. C. I.

K Sanjana 0
A R Peermohmed 1
J. Shroff 12
P Engineer 0
P P Umrigar 21
M M Amersey 1
J S Lawyer 2
S H M Colah 72
V M Merchant 32
Capt. Farey (not out) 2
Extras 11
Total 154

THE BHARDA NEW HIGH SCHOOL

N E Bhatri (retired) 26
T D Vahanvati 4
J H Pestonji (not out) 34
G K Patel 0
R G Dalal 6
Z E Reshamwala 0
A Chahewala (not cut) 4
The rest did not bat.
Extras 7
Total (for 5 wkts.) 81

Without trained nurses... *the best doctors in the world are helpless... An ambulance drives in; a stretcher is lowered tenderly to the ground, and within a few minutes a wounded hero is comfortably in bed. India's medical services depend not only upon doctors, but also upon nurses. Their skill, their gentleness, patience and all-round ability contribute as much to the well-being of the wounded soldier as deft surgery and subtle drugs. More and more women are wanted for this all-important work.*

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Previous experience is not essential, as a short course of instruction is given before enrolment. Those with recognized nursing experience are eligible for direct enrolment—increments available for past experience. A gratuity is payable on completion of satisfactory service. Certificated nurses unable to accept the liabilities of the I.M.N.S. can join the A.N.S. under special terms. For further details, write to the Lady Superintendent, St. John Ambulance Brigade Overseas of the area in which you live. If you have difficulty in finding her address, write to the Director General, Indian Medical Service, New Delhi.

AAA 991

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2 ANNAS PER WORD
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To be paid in advance.

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Rich, handsome Musalman, 28 years bachelor. Graduate, lonely, merchant, permanent abode in Bombay summer on hills, sportsman, high family, cultured, modern, teetotaller of North India, desires marrying Muslim girl of any faith or sect. Could also meet the girl to enable her to see and choose for herself. Strict confidence assured. Write Box No. 5782, "Lombay Chronicle."

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Badrinath And Himalayas Where Gods Dwell!

(Continued from Page 20)

places of pilgrimage for a second time, as penance for some slight duplicity on the part of the wife. Immediately after this penance, however, the whole family was whisked up from Badrinath to the paradise of Vishnu, to whom the Badrinath temple is dedicated.

Pilgrims' Progress

Most of the pilgrims are poor people, peasants who have left their land and home to pursue an ideal, to fulfil a life-long ambition. Many of them are old, with nothing more to look forward to, and who are settling up accounts, as it were, on this earth before they leave it. And the majority of these pilgrims are women—which is not very surprising since religious feelings are always stronger in women than in men. Usually the pilgrims are poorly clad and ill-protected against the cold. They wear the same clothes as they are used to wearing in their homes in the plains, with only the addition of a blanket perhaps, wrapped toga-like round them. Their luggage is meagre, an average pilgrim has with him a 'lota' an umbrella, a bundle of food, clothes, etc., and a stick to help him along. The pilgrims carry their own luggage with them, some on their backs, some on their heads and some in their hands. In the case of couples not very seldom, the woman has to carry the lion's share of the load. Some of the richer pilgrims travel on horseback, or in 'dandies' or 'kandies' A 'dandy' is a chair carried by four coolies. A 'kandy' is a basket strapped on to the back of one coolie, and in this basket the unfortunate pilgrim has to sit, doubled up into an uncomfortable bundle. But most of the pilgrims have to walk.

Unaccustomed to continuous walking and the cold weather, many of them suffer untold hardships. Many have feet swollen and cut with the rigours of the mountain path. Some wear shoes, a great many wear canvas shoes, while many go barefooted. Some of these last try to protect their feet by tying them up in old rags. But in spite of pain and hardship they struggle on kept going by a strong faith. Several of them revel in suffering and welcom it as a sure way of attaining Nirvana.

Wrapped up in their pain and absorbed in the immediate task of walking, do they have the time and energy to appreciate the ever changing beauty of mountain and valley, snow and flower and forest? They pass through some of the most magnificent scenery in the world, but their eyes are glued to the road, and seldom lifted higher. Their constant discomfort is scarcely the proper frame of mind for the appreciation of beauty. And in failing to take note of the glories of Himachal, are they not missing the whole point of their laboured pilgrimage? But suffering is nothing new to these men, who have known it since childhood and learnt to relegate it to a minor place. It is impossible that they pass through that land without imbibing a sense of that surpassing beauty, without absorbing some of the peace and quietness of spirit that the mountains offer and without storing up in themselves some of that beauty and peace. And when they come back to their homes and villages, they tell their friends of the wonders they have seen, in the land where the mountains "fill the sky like lotuses", and of Earth's stately pillar girt about with cloud.

And so the cult of the Himalayas is kept alive, and spread throughout the length and breadth of India, to all its furthest corners. A cult, not of mountaineering and winter sports, but one that teaches Indians to look on the Himalaya with awe and reverence.

JEALOUS WIVES ARE LIKE JAILORS!

(Continued from Page 17)

principles of toleration and respect for each other's individual freedom, can achieve happiness, probably the highest form of happiness that any one in this mortal world can achieve. Through other contacts the two wedded intellects will find their own mental equipment continually reinforced, thus not only saving this companionship from becoming dull and dreary but adding more force and permanence to it. In the world of today, women as well as men must rouse themselves to act and think independently. Penelope is no longer the world's ideal, patiently weaving and unweaving the web of life in the form of idle embroidery, whilst waiting for some one who does not come.

Yet if an intellectual does not find his counterpart, whence a real companionship and understanding can ensue, then the second best thing for him would be to marry the clinging-vine type of girl. All compromises in between the two types prove the greatest failures. A simple homely girl, specially with charm and grace, can still make an intellectual's life happy, as she would devote herself to looking after his comforts, his home and children, without any undue encroachment, in the name of intellectual companionship, on his time and patience, as does a modern girl: and in such a marriage a man's vanity is gratified, his sense of chivalry roused. Thus he is guided to shield and protect her, finding his reward in a quiet and peaceful atmosphere of domesticity, free from all outside strifes, when he returns home from his daily toil.

TODAY'S THANKSGIVING DAY

Sir Rustom On Its Significance

On the fifth anniversary of the World War, a message from Sir Rustom Masani, Provincial Leader, National War Front is issued, in the course of which he says:

To-day is the day of thanksgiving, thanksgiving for the vision and the courage of those dauntless people who, led by courageous statesmen, saw the great issue before the world and took the momentous decision, unprepared though they were, to resist aggression and save the world from being preyed upon by the forces of destruction; thanksgiving, also, for the stirring successes of the United Nations on all the Fronts; thanksgiving, too, for the patriotic fervour, intrepidity and ingenuity of the forces of the United Nations including the brave sons of India who have covered themselves with glory in all the theatres of the war. In sending those gallant forces our warmest greetings and best wishes for final victory we recall with gratitude the devotion and sacrifices of all those heroes who have laid down their lives in this struggle.

Late Mr. N. S. Nayak

(By G. B. VELKAR).

In the passing away of Mr. N. S. Nayak of heart failure on Tuesday last, at the age of 61 the Aryan Education Society in particular and the Pathare Prabhu community in general have sustained an irreparable loss.

Nayak Master joined the Aryan Education Society 46 years ago, three years after the foundation of this foremost educational institution by eminent educationist like the late Sir Bhalchandra Krishna, Rt. Hon. M. R. Jayakar Dr Bhadkamkar, Professor Kane Mr Sambare and others. The late Mr Nayak served the school as a teacher for 43 years during which time he brought many reforms expanding the activities of the Society. He collected funds for the building and made the society debt-free. We now find the society housed in its own spacious mansion at the Opera House, Girgaum.

Being a prominent member of the P. P. community he organised arts and crafts exhibitions encouraged the art of public speaking and outdoor games. In short he was an ornament of the Pathare Prabhu community.

Burjor Shroff Claims C. C. I. Badminton Title

By J. C. MAITRA

Another Badminton tournament has just ended. It was held under the auspices of the Cricket Club of India at the Navroji Saklatwalla Badminton Hall. This was the third year from its inception and the competition was as popular as ever. There is no doubt that this attractive indoor game has taken a firm hold of the imagination of our younger generation—though not to the extent Table Tennis has done. Why our boys and girls have a preference for the softer game of Table Tennis I cannot say. It certainly possesses a great charm of its own. The Hungarian stars Berna and Bellax showed to what limitless heights the game could be lifted. Perhaps their grand exhibitions in this city a few years ago had something to do with the amazing popularity of the old game of ping pong which was generally thought to be meant for children.

DEVELOPMENT OF BADMINTON.

Of course badminton also had a similar reputation. It was called a girls' game even a few years ago—nor suitable and good enough for vigorous young men. It is true the ball badminton played by South Indians stood on a different category as they showed more robustness and alacrity in their play. In comparison the game of shuttlecock was a tame affair. But those days are gone now. The shuttlecock variety has become as spectacular and powerful as the ball game. Drives and smashes have taken the place of tossing and cobbing. In short it has developed into a 'manly' sport—though not in the same class as football, hockey and cricket—but it may be ranked with Lawn Tennis. Anybody who witnesses a good badminton match nowadays cannot fail to be thrilled by its sparkling and meteoric movements of the shuttlecock.

PASSING OF OLD STARS.

The players who made the game immensely popular in this city are fast passing out of the lime-light. Raja Patwardhan has already joined the spectators rank. Russi Kanga may be expected to follow suit any day. Khandu Rangnekar is hovering between light and shade to be finally eclipsed ere long. D. G. Mugwe would not take long either to enter the Veteran's Camp. Among the ladies, Khanum Haji (now Mrs. Kuldip Singh) has already retired from the field. Rumour has it that Tara Deodhar will also take leave soon. Matrimony has claimed the attentions of Miss A. K. Dadyburjor and Miss Chitale, while Frene Talyarkhan I do not know her intentions in this respect—is definitely falling off her high perch.

NEW STARS ARISING.

This is of course the general rule Nobody can remain at the top for ever. The old stars must give place to new ones. Now who are the new stars rising above the horizon? B. D. Shroff, who has just won the C.C.I. Singles Championship, may claim to be one. It was only a few days ago Burjor hooked the Suburban title at Bandra. To win two titles in singles within the short space of one month and among the best field Bombay could provide, is a great achievement in itself. Possessed as he is of a suitable big match temperament coupled with excellent all-round abilities in the game, he may be marked down as one of the coming champions of All-India. What he needs is more experience in tournament play with players of All-India standard. It is expected that some up-country stars would participate in the Western India Championships Tournament next week when he will have a fine opportunity of measuring his strength and ability with them.

GOMMS SHOULD GUIDE.

Another player to rise into prominence is Henry Ferreira who was runner-up to Shroff in both the above-mentioned tournaments. At Bandra Burjor got the better of him by the narrowest of margins, while his struggle at the C.C.I. Final was equally keen (4—15, 15—7, 15—11). It was the winner's finishing power which carried him through to success. Henry would have to develop his game in this department. It also appears that he lacks the stamina and strength to stand a long-drawn-out fight. Ferreira should pay greater attention to his health in this respect. Experience teaches a player how to conserve his energy to the utmost length. It is up to Cashmiro Gomms, the official Coach of Bombay Provincial Badminton Association, to help and guide him in this regard.

MUMTAZ CHINOY SUPREME.

Mumtaz Chinoy, by winning the women's singles for the third year in succession, proved beyond any shadow of doubt that she is still the best woman player in Bombay. Mrs. Soman (formerly Miss Chitale of Poona) was expected to extend her fully and even lower her colours. But she showed herself far from her old form and lost tamely. Mumtaz then accounted for Aloo Vimadalal in the final with ease (11—7, 11—8). It was really very creditable for little Aloo to reach the ultimate stage. As it happened they met again in the final of the Women's Doubles, Mumtaz being assisted by Mrs. Soman and Aloo by her sister Maka. The former pair's superiority is clear from the score of 15—13, 15—5 in their favour.

RANGNEKAR IRRESISTIBLE.

Mumtaz had every opportunity of scoring the treble for the third year in succession. But she failed in the mixed doubles. With the help of her old partner, Kisan Lotwalla, she had reached the final without any serious difficulty. In the deciding tie, they however found Rangnekar in one of his dazzling spells. Khandu was so irresistible that, despite the handicap of a weaker partner in Aloo Vimadalal he literally smashed his way through to victory. The score of 15—9, 15—3 in favour of the winners tell their own tale for the losers. Nevertheless it is an excellent record for Mumtaz on the whole. It seems that Tara Deodhar is not going to compete in the ensuing Western India Championships. Perhaps she wants to give her younger sisters, Sundar and Suman, an opportunity to emulate her example. How will Mumtaz fare against them remains to be seen.

SHIRKE'S ABLE ASSISTANCE.

I do not know why Kanga and Rangnekar broke up their fine partnership in the men's doubles. Neither of them seems to have profited much by its dissolution. It was however a gain to Kisan Lotwalla and his youthful partner, G. P. Shirke. The latter, it must be said to his great credit gave his senior partner excellent assistance which enabled the pair to overcome the powerful combinations of Kanga and Mugwe in the semi-final and Roque Pereira and Henry Ferreira in the final. While the former pair forced them to a decider the latter went down in two straight games (15—7, 17—14). I cannot say that the contests in the men's doubles reached any great heights. Let us hope the Western India Championships will draw out the best from all the competitors

PROFESSIONALS IN LIMELIGHT.

In the professionals singles, Popatlal Mohanlal who holds the All-India title, practically swept everything before him, defeating Ganpat Ramjee in the final by 15—10, 15—4. He had however to acknowledge defeat in the doubles at the hands of Ramchandra Mahadev and L. G. Salve, Murad Khan being his partner in adversity. The final score was 12—15, 17—16, 15—2. I need hardly mention that the encouragement given to the professionals by arranging competitions for them is a step in the right direction. It will push them to improve their game to the utmost which will incidentally help to raise the standard of our players on the amateur side. But their general standard is yet too low which means that the clubs or gymkhanas engaging them should extend to them greater facilities to improve their game.

The "Bombay Chronicle" invites original contributions, cartoons and topical photographs for the "Bombay Chronicle Weekly" from its readers. Short stories and humorous articles will be particularly appreciated. Mss should be typewritten and between 1,500 and 2,000 words in length.

All contributions and photographs which are accepted for publication will be paid for handsomely.

Rejected contributions will be returned only when accompanied by a stamped and self-addressed envelope. No correspondence can be entertained regarding this.

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BETTER TAKE A MAC

IN using the word "Mac" to mean waterproof, we pay tribute to the Scot, Charles Macintosh (not Mackintosh as the dictionaries usually say!) who in 1823 produced a waterproof material by impregnating fabric with a solution of rubber in naphtha. How to make clothes withstand water is still a major problem for the chemist, for modern standards demand something more than heavy proofs against heavy weather. Rubberised garments and oilskins are certainly proof against water, but they are also proof against air and in the absence of special ventilating arrangements are apt to be heavy and hot. Your rain-coat today must be light in weight as well as keep out the wet. It must be water-repellent: that is, water must not cling to it. The difficulty is to treat textile fabrics so as to combine protection with ventilation, but a number of methods have now been perfected, some of which can be applied to the most delicate materials. The latest achievement of British chemists is a waterproof finish which will stand up to laundering. Today there are also the special needs of engineers, fitters and others in the fighting services and in Industry. Their working dress must be both light enough to give freedom of movement and strong enough for protection against weather. It is to the credit of the chemist that he has enabled the British textile manufacturer to combine these qualities.

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ALLIED TANKS CROSS INTO BELGIUM?

BATTLES ON LUXEMBURG FRONTIER

GEN. PATTON'S MEN ACROSS THE MENSA AT SEVERAL POINTS

S.H.A.E.F., September 2.

ALLIED tanks, rolling relentlessly onwards, are to-day eating up the last twenty miles separating them from Belgium. At some points it is possible they may already have reached and crossed the frontier.

A Wilhelmstrasse spokesman, quoted by the German News Agency this afternoon, reported fighting with American tanks near the Luxemburg frontier at Longwy and Thionville (Diedenhofen).

Thionville is under 14 miles as the bomber flies from the German frontier. Longwy is two miles from the Luxemburg frontier. It is only 17 miles south-east of the city of Luxemburg.

VIMY CAPTURED

Vimy Ridge near Arras has been captured by troops of the Second British Army in great new advances through Flanders.

The capture of Vimy, the scene of the Canadians last war triumph in the spring of 1918, was disclosed in messages sent by General Dempsey to General Crerar.

The British advance in the Arras area has extended to the fringe of Douai to include Vimy Ridge. Allied patrols are beyond these places to Lens and also to Pernes which is 20 miles north-west of Arras. South of the Somme, Canadian armour has reached the river near Abbeville. Three good bridges across the Somme have been captured in this area. The Allies are approaching Saint Valery on the coast and have reached Fountainge-le-Dun which is eight miles south-east.

To-day's German 'communique' said: "In Northern France our troops continued to be engaged in heavy defensive fighting on the whole front from Arras to the Verdun area.

The enemy resumed the attack on the west flank of the Brest fortress with strong forces.

NAZIS ON THE RUN

The Germans appear to have given up any hopes of making a stand in France and are running as hard as they can across the frontiers. American columns beyond Verdun are about fifty miles from Germany—the closest so far officially reported. In the north, General Dempsey's British army has advanced in strength in all directions beyond Arras.

Very considerable numbers of German troops are being pocketed by the British advance down the west bank of the Somme towards the sea. These trapped Germans are not expected to present any serious obstacle. Patrols have reached the coast at Etretate, sixteen miles north of Le Havre and the Canadian Army is closing in on the great port. No contact, however, has yet been made with its garrison.

MEUSE CROSSED

General Patton's Third Army are across the Meuse at several places. They have bridgeheads at Versun and have also forced the river between Commercy and Saint Mihel. From this bridgehead they are approaching the great gateways to Germany—Nancy and Metz. Strong forces are moving through the forest of Argonne to back up these bridgeheads. In face of very considerable resistance, American troops pushed through Foret de Compingne to the edge of the town of Compeigne itself. —Reuter.

U.S. RAID ON FORMOSA

Jap Ships Destroyed In Takao Harbour

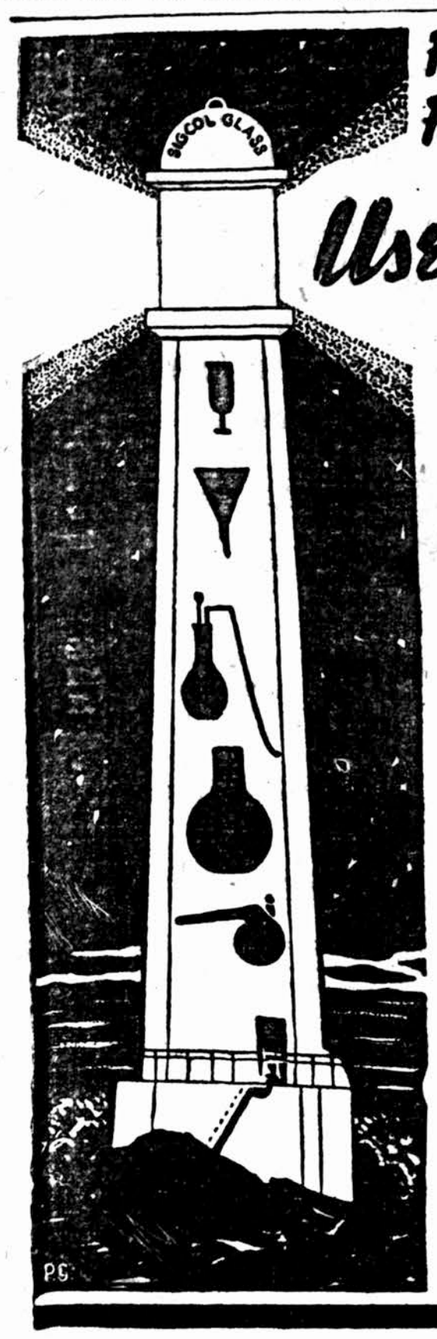
CHUNGKING, Sept. 2: A 'communique' from General Stilwell's Headquarters to-day announced, "American 'Liberators' attacked Takao harbour in Formosa on Thursday night destroying or damaging a number of large concentrations of ships there."

Takao is on the south-west coast of Formosa.

The Japanese News Agency yesterday reported that more than ten 'Liberators' and 'Mitchells' of China-based United States airforce raided Formosa the previous night and claimed that four were shot down.—Reuter.

R.A.F. ATTACK ON BANGKOK-MOULMEIN RAILWAY

CALCUTTA, Sept. 2: R. A. F. 'Liberators' of the Eastern Air Command's Strategic Air Force attacked on last Monday the Railway between Bangkok and Moulmein, says a Press Note issued here this morning.—United Press.



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BOMBAY TO-DAY

(By Prof. Nirmal Kumar Gupta

The Editor did me the honour of asking me for an article and I thought I might as well write one on Bombay as I see it after so many years. It would be quite topical and would be a matter of interest to thousands who, thanks to the war, are now in our midst.

I was never in Bombay before for long but this time my visit has certainly not been a very short one and I might as well commit to writing certain things which might be described as the salient features of the city. I was first here in 1914 when the Backbay, the beauty of Bombay still existed and Choupaty, with a mass of lights in the evenings, was a glowing picture with occasional speakers of the Hydepark type. The Parsis in those days were much more in the picture and it was not only the Tower of Silence at the Malabar Hill that attracted one's attention but thousands of Parsi worshippers of the sea. I do not say Zorastrianism has faded, but one does not see the sights of yore. In those days the Parsis were a much more powerful community. The shadow of Dadabhai Nowroji still prevailed and Sir Phirozeshah Mehta was in all his glory. The Gujaratis were still there but they had not learnt to be political and the honour in the political field belonged to the Maharattas. Sir Homi Mody speaking at a public meeting recently claimed for Bombay all the political stalwarts like Mr Tilak and Mr. Gokhale but that was like the seven cities of ancient Greece claiming the glory of being the birthplace of the old and blind Homer! But Sir Homi should remember that it is Poona and not Bombay that is the intellectual and cultural centre of the Bombay Presidency

But what is the modern city of Bombay like? It is as an English friend of mine remarked ultra modern without being intellectual and cultural. In fact the foreigner who lands in Bombay and has a spin round the city will have no acquaintance with the life of the province for Bombay is not India just as London is not England. The truth is that Bombay, like all seaports, has aped successfully all the vices of the west and the present war has driven all the hopeless specimens of humanity all over the world to Bombay, especially because Paris under the tyrannical administration of Otto Abetz has not been for sometime the cosmopolitan city that she is. What is known as the Fort area is full of foreigners and these people have complicated very seriously the food problems of the city if not of the whole Province.

HOLLYWOOD OF THE EAST

Modern Bombay has two striking features that will attract anybody that has eyes and uses them, namely, the cotton mills and the cinema films. Bombay and Ahmedabad divide between them the glory of being the textile industry's centre and although mills are growing in other parts of India as well they still lead the way. In regard to the cinema industry Bombay claims to be the Hollywood of the East although I am very much sorry for Hollywood when I make this remark. Bombay's films are not of a very high standard but are good enough to give a thrill to the millworking labourers of the city. Poverty has driven a good many thousands of the population of the West Coast with lovely features and these are main actors and actresses of Bombay studios. They are sharp in their intelligence like people of all seacoast territories for their life is a struggle with elements and Nature makes them clever. These are the people of the West Coast and they have swelled the population of Bombay although I cannot say they are highly intellectual. The centre of intellectual life is still Poona and that is why the Governor of Bombay is constantly in residence there.

Bombay's citizens have now become quite political. Although Bombay was the home of the Congress in the past, Bengal has always been in the forefront. The fisheating Bengalees roused the indignation of Lord Curzon and the battle for freedom has been greater in Bengal than in Bombay. But Bengalees have since the death of the late Mr. C. R. Das fallen on evil times and the Gujerati politician is now in the forefront and Bombay claims to-day both from Hindu and Muslim point of view to be the voice of India. But this is not without dispute and indications are already available that there is yet no uncrowned King in the political world.

SOAKED IN MATERIALISM

It is pleasing to see Bombay making rapid strides in the path of political progress but one has to notice with regret the large denationalisation of the people. People who wear trousers and ties are gradually increasing and people think it more respectable to talk in English. This is quite humorous when one considers that Bombay is the home of the movement indicated by the slogan of 'Quit India' and foreigners find it difficult to take Bombay quite seriously.

The Bombay streets are now quite crowded and prabably the war is largely responsible for the same, but the cosmopolitan character of the city is a credit but the fact that the crowd in the streets have no traffic or road sense is a discredit not only to the Bombay police but also the inherent character of the people. In riding through the streets of Bombay one has quite an exciting time and more than a Hore-Belisha is necessary to put matters right and Bombay like London requires some subways.

There are more women on the Bombay pavements now than men and this is certainly a very brave proposition but does not indicate the true life of the Indian. The Indians, as Mathew Arnold agreed, have always been spiritual and the heritage of the East has always been thought. The East has always "let the legions thunder past and plunged in Thought again" and that aspect of the East has always extracted the admiration of the West and Russia's greatest genius Tolstoy, has been in love with it. But Bombay to-day is soaked in materialism and materialism can never cure the evils of Mankind.

But Bombay has always been rich and the Bombay baronets always sleep on goldbags. They are certainly not like the Knights of Spencer's "Fairy Queen" nor are they the nobility of the Ancient Regime in France but they are like Baron Rothschilds and the Aga Khan can easily fraternise with them while he is in Bombay making his collections! But they are a capitalist population and naturally the Communists would be angry but the Indian Communists have no original ideas and are still in their swaddling clothes. Bombay certainly with some people of Rajputana is anxious to get the Indian savings in the British Gold Reserve Fund for industrialisation of the country but the proletariat who in the future will have a say in the matter would not very much appreciate the idea.

BOMBAY'S CROOKS.

Bombay's life has become expensive and recently I shared a room with two others in a wretched hotel and paid Rs. 10 for bed and breakfast and even Mussolini's Italy looks like being better. This is due partly to the war and partly to the fact that sharpers are abroad. The pickpockets are a powerful fraternity and the Bombay Police is not yet the London Police and the life of the ordinary pedestrian citizen is almost a misery. Taxis and victorias are a real luxury and people wanting conveyances are between the one way traffic rules and exorbitant taxi rates between the devil and the deep sea but a modern political economist would perhaps say that this is an indication of the increasing wealth of the country. But it may as well be the result of inflation which has certainly set in as the result of the war.

Port towns are always full of crooks but Bombay's crooks are perhaps international and have beaten hollow even those of Port Said. Bombay's fortune rests on her being a busy town and Bombay's population, whether they are happy or not, are very brisk and, inspite of the rising income, Bombay's citizens feel that they have not enough to eat.

Bombay in the past was a greater beauty spot with the Malabar Hill in one corner and Colaba in the other. Colaba is now a desert after the construction of the Bombay Central and Malabar has a rival in Juhu which Mahatma Gandhi has sanctified. The average Westerner would possibly like Bombay with its Gymkhana and its Yacht Club, but certainly Bombay would not give them a picture of the East and the average tourist would sigh and say in his books if he writes any that 'India' is a land of regrets "and would exclaim with Tennyson that 'Fifty Years of Europe is better than a cycle of Cathay'. But the real India is elsewhere and Poona in the Bombay Presidency will be a greater help than this Gateway of India."!!!

INQUIRY INTO CITY EXPLOSION

Report Received By Central Govt.

NEW DELHI, Sept. 2

The 'United Press' learns that the report of the Commission of Inquiry into the Bombay Explosion and fires has been received by the Central Government. It is understood that the Government's decision thereon is likely to be published soon.—United Press

GAUHATI, Sept 2

Mr. Gopinath Bardoloi Leader of the Assam Congress Assembly Party, has circularised all members outside jail to attend the ensuing session of the Assam Assembly when important matters are likely to come up for discussion.—United Press.

Three Women Debate

Should An Intellectual Marry An Intellectual?

Learn Wisdom From Your Ignorant Wife!

By AMEENA HUSAIN

The intelligentsia of to-day has become obsessed with the fear of ill-assorted matrimonial unions. They say that intellect ought to be the deciding factor in selecting a spouse. At the same time it is not denied by them that marriage is based upon the most powerful of our instincts and that it shows its justification in its fruits such as the prolonged and watchful care of children.

Now intellect clearly is not an instinct and a conjugal relationship established mainly on the basis of intellectual companionship can hardly be called anything but ill-conceived. It may however be possible for two intellectual beings to be united in wedlock successfully or even happily but they are rare exceptions

EXCEPTIONS PROVE THE RULE!

Satisfaction of the mind is usually derived more advantageously outside of marriage for several reasons. Firstly, because a portion of the same sex can offer better intellectual companionship than one of the opposite sex who is hampered at every step by etiquette and other complexities. Secondly, emotional interference and disparity in personal traits may create discord rather than happiness if the parties are married. Thirdly two intellectual personalities are bound to clash sometime or other, as surely as two like magnetic poles repel each other, and catastrophe is the only end of their marriage. Einstein is reported to have married early in life a young co-worker but their marriage did not last and he sought divorce to regain happiness in another marriage. There is the contrary case of Sidney and Beatrice Webb, too. But these uncommon examples neither prove nor disprove the question conclusively.

What type of people marry on the illusory basis of intellectual companionship? They are invariably those who find this world hard and unfeeling. To their eyes humanity is irretrievably sunk to the lowest depths of demoralization and avarice. The glances of bright eyes and the smiles of attractive lips always seem to elude them. Hearts and diamonds, chiffon and brocades are subjects too low-brow to merit their indulgence. Theirs is a higher world. Thus in resigned contempt towards life that never ceases to sparkle with beauty and romance because of their withdrawal, they throw in their lot with others of their kind whom no one else would have. That is the secret of the "wise alliance" of two intellects made of deliberate purpose. And what is the result of it? There is no other affinity between the united ones. The silken thread of intellectual companionship which binds them together is all too flimsy to stand the relentless demands of marriage which go far beyond the intellect into the realms of the body, the soul, and the exchequer.

Matrimonial unions of this kind have neither flourished in the past nor have they any hope of future. In the annals of marriage between the intellectuals, history has written FAILURE in indelible letters. The signs of to-morrow do not indicate a change in this verdict. If any man of culture, in contradistinction to this, knows that paradise on earth where dwell the matchless maidens, with or without intellect, who would marry of their choosing a scholar or a scientist in preference to a prince or a governor, let us all hear about it.

SHAW AND SHEARER

Literary pursuits are essentially an individual business, and another person cannot help a literary man or woman except as stenographer, secretary or proof-reader. An intellectual wife can no doubt assist her husband in any of these capacities but what would be the effect on their domestic life if the couple had nothing common between them save literature and philosophy to endure through the years. Only an incurable optimist will call this happiness.

For a concrete example, let us imagine a prolonged 'tete-a-tete' between Bernard Shaw and two outstanding ladies by turns, viz. Pearl Buck and Norma Shearer. Which of the two companies will enjoy and inspire each other most, will be readily seen by men of preception

LEARN FROM HER

It is said of the university professors that inspite of their higher intellectuality, they have the unique gift of marrying ignorant women This seems more by design than by accident. Unlike others, they recognise the fact that marriage is most satisfying when as between the couple, the qualities of each to those of the other is complementary and not supplementary. They have read that even the ancient Greeks inspite of their deep culture, used to take homely wives and seek intellectual companionship outside of marriage.

We seldom find a professor grumble that his wife is stupid or unteachable. He knows that the ideal woman of H. G. Wells, a being male in mind and female in body, is just an ideal and not a woman to marry. If he sees you are getting bitter about your unlettered wife, he will solace you by saying: "Why teach a woman who is unteachable; why not learn from her instead." And there is truth in it too, as there could be no groove of human fault or virtue, failure or success, folly or wisdom that does not possess its own peculiar interest. Look at a young woman of no intellect with your close attention and you will understand the purport of all the philosophy that has been written about wild pagan love, and all the poetry about the "bashful virgin's sidelong looks."

Do you still want to marry the intellect?

Jealous Wives Are Like Jailors! —Or Are They?

By "RAZIA"

'Marriages are made in Heaven' say either the faithful or the cynical. But what does it matter to us whether they be made in Heaven or in Hell so long as we have to make them livable on this Earth?

From being one of the simplest and most natural laws of God it has become one of the most knotty problems of our intricate world today. As man tends to become more and more individualistic, the possibility of developing a common formula for all becomes quite hopeless Nevertheless we may consider the broad principles on which such a union may be based. To me it is quite obvious that the largest measure of happiness as well as satisfaction, can only be derived by an intellect marrying someone with a similar mental equipment. One, of course takes it for granted that other attractions forming the primary basis for marriage are already there.

A somewhat similar cultural and ideological background too is essential to make such a marriage successful. For, above all, people with any outstanding intellect—the intellectuals—are the individualists who think, act, and behave independently, and they cannot be tied down to any narrow mode of living. They are the torch-bearers, the creators of future thought, and not the blind followers of the past. For them marriage can never be that soul-stifling imprisonment which the conventional and unimaginative Society tries to make of it.

LIBERTY IS ESSENTIAL

Thus if both the partners are really—there is a stress on the word "really"—intellectual and belong to the more liberal ideals of the new society, they would arrange their lives in such a fashion as to get the utmost from each other's companionship whilst still retaining their individual freedom. The intellects with their scintillating brains, are composed of fine and multitudinous facets, and it is an impossibility for any two entities with such varied surfaces to find the exact mirror for all their facets in any one single person. Therefore they should concede the principle of liberty, the ideal of complete individual freedom to each other, where each is not only free but welcome to make other contacts, to develop such social intercourse with members of either sex, that it would help to bring out his or her personality and individuality to the utmost capacity. Such liberty alone can form any permanent basis for mutual happiness and harmony, and remove the humdrum monotony, against which any intellect would chafe, of daily life

I stress again that for full development of mental life, the society of varied people is essential, because when thought clashes against thought and ideals dig holes into ideals, then alone new thoughts find fire and new ideals spring up. Sometimes, specially in imaginative and creative work, such clashes with members of the opposite sex are more thought provoking. But woe betide them if they are tied to jealously possessive partners! Here one has to admit that women are greater culprits than men. The social order, and a wider education still being in favour of man, it is far oftener the man who is the intellect—at least the cultivated and the nourished intellect. He has, for centuries, enjoyed a far greater measure of individual liberty than the woman, who till quite lately has been in a very subservient position. Therefore, the modern man today is ready to concede a large measure of freedom to his wife without undue jealousy.

But a woman, specially one who has achieved freedom in her own generation, is often frightfully jealous. Still suffering from inferiority complex she tries to possess her husband to the exclusion of all other companionship, specially of her own sex, wrongly considering this to be the ideal of intellectual companionship. Thus, an intellect who has helped to free his wife, finds that he is gradually getting shackled himself by those very chains, and the marriage either ends in an open tragedy or an internal dis-illusionment which is far worse. Thus a woman with intelligence will do well to develop a broader toleration, and not abuse her own liberty by turning into her liberator's jailor.

"HOLY" BONDS!

The world, at least the professed ideals of the world, are moving away from all such selfish greed and possessiveness. It is the world of Socialism! The more conventional will here ejaculate with horror and strike a note of warning that there are grave dangers in following such a course. Conceding this to be true we may well ask, what is the meaning or the ideal of married life in the intellectual society today? If one has conscientiously to avoid the society conscientiously to avoid the society of members of the opposite sex, except one's legal partner-in-life, in order to keep the bonds of the so-called "holy matrimony" sacred, then God save us from all such holy bonds! To my mind the holy bond is only holy until love lasts.

I strongly feel that a marriage of two intellects, when based on the

(Continued on Page 12)

Omelettes And Odes

By "KIMARADHANA"

The felicity with which the masculine intellect has preened itself in 'the Marriage of two intellects' has provoked this article of mine. Generally I let men say what they will, always consoling myself with the thought that the 'cock on his own dung-hill' is a man-made phrase. But this Adam-parade must stop somewhere. The writer of this article is evidently running away with the idea that ushering children into the world is the only job for women, war or no war. From Olympian heights he talks of the marriage of intellects and always the question is, should a man marry an ignoramus or a Sappho Evidently we women are absolutely out of the question. The discerning masculine eye roves intellectually over the assembly of women and imperiously picks out the kitchen-maid! That is how it strikes me.

The whole question of marriage is so involved that the intellect is often befogged when faced with a decision. First of all marriage is not an intellectual question. Shakespeare may have known many things about women, but there are very few Portias going about waiting for Bassanios to pick out leaden caskets. We generally do not give our hearts because an ode strikes our fancy. No intellectual microscope can point out what germ it is that plays such a mischievous part in 'love at first sight'. It may be an awry tie, a straying strand of hair, a stance, or a hundred other inconspicuous things that force the answer to the eternal question 'will you marry me?'

SUBLIME ACCIDENT

Marriage is certainly undertaken to ensure the propogation of the species; but marriage at the same time brings about a sublimation of that same instinct. It is more a completion and a complimenting of two affinitive personalities who have come together through a mutual urge too elemental to be defined scientifically. It is neither intellectual nor emotional. It has much of both. It cannot be judged on the excellencies of odes or omlettes turned out. Solomon's wisdom cannot be ascertained from the choice of his wives. Rousseau's Therese did not know to read a clock. Shelley's wife wrote 'Frankenstein'. The Brownings bandied poetry about. The Pandits got on well indeed and Mrs. Pandit held a ministerial post. Instances could be quoted out of number making a delicious salad of Sapphos and ignoramuses. But this proves nothing. It is all a sublime accident whether the chosen one is a Sappho or a kitchenmaid.

If we come down to India we find that the whole question is only of academic interest. The choice of wives or husbands here is left to the parents, four in number.

No intellect, no ignorance counts. It is all a question of horoscope-matching and dowry-haggling. It is decided on the issues of family, caste, sub-caste, gotras and a hundred other minor matters and the people concerned are certainly *not* the bride and the bridegrooms.

The excellence of the bride as a housewife is an asset as is the earning capacity of the bridegroom. Even the intellectual eye of the writer of "The Marriage of two Intellects" must quail when looking into this abyss of orthodoxy where all marriages are sunk deep and sure. No intellect counts. It is all tradition. If anyone should be foolish enough to forsake this morass of orthodoxy and make a decision on this vital question, Society will sink him or her for sure.

Indian women are certainly not behind their sisters from other parts of the world. To pass a universal statement like; women are lacking in scientific curiosity or in thirst for knowledge is doing injustice to the hundreds of girls who are flocking to the colleges for higher education. Here we must not forget that literacy has been a rationed item much before the war ushered in rations for food-stuffs China too has been our fellow-maiden in distress. If women have not canalized their curiosity it is because *intelligent* men were concerned in keeping them in purdah or treating them only as play-things that had taken their fancy. If men here could treat marriage more as a desirable companionship, a delightful canaraderie and less as a means of getting triplets, quintuplets, and chapatties we women are certainly capable of rising to the intellectual heights to which our men would aspire. We are not wanting in the head although we may have more of the heart

A BROOM NEEDED

To get what you want seems to be unknown with our menfolk. There are so many sheep treading the beaten track. To talk of intellect with the background of our present day society seems to me a big joke. The whole show needs a new broom to sweep it clean away. The advancement of a country cannot be guided by a masculine intellect alone. A renaissance ushering in the advancement of women is also equally necessary It is unfortunate that the writer of 'The Marriage of Two Intellects' should have seen things with an intellectual squint. Our educational system leaves little room for intellects to come on top and many walk the streets for want of discernment in the authorities concerned It seems to me that because there are not many intelligent men walking about who *could* get equally intelligent wives is no reason why women should be left to their ignorance This outlook smacks neither of chivalry nor of masculine wisdom.

To talk of artists and professors preferring plain minded women as wives only betrays the egotism of which these people are monuments. I repeat that marriage should mean a fusion, a mutual interest, an absorbing of each other's personality. A home should not consist of only a library and a kitchen You cannot departmentalise a home into an intelligence section and a cook-house. Let us have less of *this* sort of intellect and more of the sort that will look upon women as equals in every sphere of human activity.

Artists and intellectuals are not confined to the masculine world. Women too claim places in this category Somehow we do not put our husbands through an intelligence test before saying 'yes' to them. (thank God!) We are wise in this respect perhaps. The whole problem of marriage is too personal to bandy words about and I think that intellect has nothing to do with it. It is all a question of whether you wee *that way* about it and with that remark I will close this intelligent question.

ART NOTES & COMMENTS

BY D. G. VYAS

Film Censorship in India—Vagaries of the Screen-world—Violent Attack on Classics—Wanted Cultural Censorship—Ideals of Academic Education—Protection of Art and Literary Treasures—Memorial to Artists

The old members of the Bombay Board of film Censors made their exit on August 1, after the expiry of their term of office and with the appreciation by the Governor of Bombay of the valuable services rendered by them to the Board. The personnel of the reconstituted Board is as usual, a *"belle assemblee"* of the officials and non-officials whose interest in the film is generally sardonic and superficial. The officials are not known to be experts in any aspect of the film. They are put on the saddle in order to enforce the rules of censorship and to function as the sentinels of the interests of the state.

What Qualifications?

The non-officials, with the exception of the representative of the film—industry, are not in any way better equipped than the officials with the knowledge of the complex art of the film. Like the honorary magistrates they get themselves superficially acquainted with the law of censorship and accept the office with a sense of pride and with the least sense of their responsibilities. They suddenly cease to be 'film-minded as soon as they are ordered to quit their privileged positions.

The non-official element is picked out at random or at the recommendations of the officials. Loyalty to the Government, titles and social status are perhaps the merits on which its selection is made. Knowledge of the film-art in its varied aspects, scholarship and literary and artistic achievements are not considered as essential qualifications. Such an anomalous position will be defended by the officialdom with the argument that the essential qualifications are not essential to the enforcement of the rules of censorship. Title-holders, yes-men and the uninformed find their way to the Board because they are selected by the Government. The Board is not democratic. It is not representative of the public opinion.

The censorship in India is based on an absured principle. It is mainly political in its scope and does not aim at the educational and cultural advancement of the country. The limited safeguards provided by it for the social interests and moral well-being of the community are not calculated to ensure the growth of the film to its maximum height as a medium of instruction, art and culture. But the Board, above all, vigilantly looks after the interests of the state and is prompt in applying its sharp scissors to any situation or speech which happens to be patriotic in sentiment.

Dangerous Agency

The censorship, with an emphasis on the political aspect of the film, is a great handicap on the development of the film as a national institution. It militates against the emergence of true cine-art from the film-industry of the capitalistic order. The indifference of the state to its sacred obligation of giving a right lead to the people in the matter of the exploitation of the film for what it is worth is clearly evident in the scope of censorship. It has led to the precocious and, to some extent, perverted growth of the film.

The silver screen, which is the idol even of the man in the street, has assumed the proportions of a monster with its tentacles spread to every stratum of society and to the distant villages. It is no small a calamity to India that the marvellous scientific invention like the talkie should, soon after its advent, degenerate into a monopoly of the capitalists and into a medium of cheap and common-place entertainment and should moreover be conducive to the sexual precociousness on the part of the schoolgoing children and to moral turpitude on the part of the aged. The talkie is a powerful medium for dissemination of art and culture, but it proves to be a dangerous agency if it is left uncontrolled and unguided and is sanctioned as an exclusive industrial concern of the capitalists.

In India the interest of the Government in the talkie is mainly confined to the censorship, entertainment tax and now-a-days to the war-propaganda. Both the film-industry and the Government are concerned with the receipts of their respective box-offices. The films should, therefore, be so designed as to enjoy a longer run by drawing vast crowds. They would fall flat if they fail to play to the gallery—to cater for the tastes of their clients. The producers are at liberty to select any "harmless" theme and technique of production. They have, in spite of the censorship, arrogated to themselves, the poetic licence of offering an affront to the ancient authors, of challenging the facts laid down by the historian and of bringing down gods and goddesses from the heaven and of flirting with them.

Screen-Classics!

The film-industry has, of late, launched a violent attack on the classical dramas, epics, mythology and history. A few casualties have already occurred. The first among them was Shudraka—the author of "Mrichchhakatika". Then came Kalidas and Bana, and plans are probably in progress for the exhumation of others. The classical dramas are presented in distorted forms to the masses as the "Screen Classics" of X. Y. Z. The pigmies of the modern age are not ashamed to attach their names to the creations of the giants of the ancient age and to claim themselves to be superior to the latter.

The violation of the sanctity and integrity of the classical dramas, which are finished creations and not sources of thematic material, is deliberate. Some producers have frankly admitted it, but have stressed it as a necessity on incredible technical grounds, while others or their agents have vehemently defended it. It will not be irrelevant to recall an exasperating statement which was publicly made by a cloud-messenger in support of the filmised version of "Shakuntala" that the director 'has definitely even improved on Kalidas' drama." Will the western world ever tolerate such a statement with respect to Shakespeare?

An Indian painter of ability and experience will refuse, out of reverence to the master painters of Ajanta, to reconstruct the frescoes, executed by them; but the Indian film producers and directors have no reverence for the ancient dramatists as they do not consider it sacrilegeous to distort, mutilate or misrepresent their creations. The production of the classics and the historical and mythological episodes presupposes recreation of the conditions of ancient India with maximum fidelity. It is a stupendous task and needs the co-operation of scholars and able artists. Some of the directors of the "Screen-Classics" have suddenly discovered themselves as super-geniuses, but have deplorably failed even to recreate, on the screen, the glorious past of their own country. There are no doubt a few successful productions but they are the exceptions rather than the rule.

Issue Of Copyright:—

To all appearance the classical dramas are selected with the object of glorifying the actresses who happen to be the favourites of some of the producers or directors. The corroboration of this statement is furnished by the re-casting of the serious characters like Vasantsena and Shakuntala. Frivolities and giggling of the girls in the scenes of some of the hermitages give a clear indication that the directors are either ignorant or incapable of reproducing the atmosphere of the institutions they undertake to deal with. The Indian screen has no definite standards. It seems to be out-Hollywooding the Hollywood in the technique of presentation of some Indian scenes and situations. The distortion or suppression of any character or situation is atrocious. It leads to and is actually leading to gross misrepresentation of the classics.

Since the classical dramas are included in the curricula of schools and colleges the educated people get the opportunity to study them in their true forms! The screen has now undertaken to present them to the masses, but it does so in deliberately distorted forms. The board of censorship must be held responsible for the exhibition of the films which are artistic travesties, historical forgeries or literary puerilities The remedy of the disease lies in the clarification of the issue of the copyright of the classical dramas and epics and in fixing definite standards of literature, art and music. The non-official Indian members ought to press the Government for the extension of the scope of censorship to art and literature and ought to resign their office if they fail in their attempts.

Oblivious To Realities

Mr. B. J. Wadia, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Bombay, discussed a few points of interest in his address at the last Convocation. He referred to the orthodox conception of academic education when he said that the university is not a place for professional education and its object is to produce capable and cultured human beings and not skilfull professionals. The University should be a centre of academic as well as professional and technical education including art.

Some of the glaring realities escape the notice of the educationists who are steadfast in their faith in the orthodox conception and are idealistic in their outlook. The academic machinery turns out, in spite of its avowed objects, scores of lawyers, doctors and engineers who in actual practice are found to be commercialists of the worst type and behave as philistines. The universities cannot evade the reproach for their failure to mould the character of and furnish a sound cultural background to such alumni. The view of the cultural education taken by them is also restricted as it excludes art which is a great cultural asset.

The opinion expressed by the Vice-Chancellor that "the more democratic we become the more important it is that we maintain high standards in literature, in art and in science" will be endorsed by everybody. Standards of art are, at present, out of question in the case of the University of Bombay as the latter has kept art at an arm's length from its precincts. Mr. Wadia rightly attributed the unbalanced state of the modern civilisation largely to the want of a proper balance between the study of science and the study of the humanities. Let him note that art is not inferior to the humanities. The world has found itself in an unprecedented turmoil because science is allowed to override art recklessly.

Preservation And Publication

The desire expressed by the Government of Madras for the collection, in the Oriental Manuscripts' Library, of the valuable manuscripts scattered throughout the presidency will go a long way to ensure the preservation of the manuscripts if it is followed by systematic endeavours under official orders. India has lost not a small portion of her literary and art treasures through her own ignorance and indifference and also through the apathy of the Government. Will the Government of Bombay take steps to collect manuscripts and to centralise them in a library specially organised for the purpose?

The practice of private collections is not sound in principle as it leads, in some cases, to the waste of manuscripts or encourages the evil of the foreign trade. Some of the "learned" collectors of art and manuscripts are reported to have carried on the trade through the back-door, but they have cleverly escaped the stigma attached to it by establisningg their reputation as connoisseurs and scholars by virtue of their independent publications. The minimum which every Provincial Government ought to do to safeguard art and literary treasures is to maintain a register of private collections and to arrange for their periodical inspections. But mere collection—public or private—will not serve any useful purpose. A machinery should be set up for the publication of the manuscripts which are rare and important.

Honour To Artists

Following the death of Sir Edwin Lutyens—a great architect—Britain has lost in Sir Henry Wood a great musician. Sir Henry was a highly talented, capable and versatile musician. He was the founder of the Promenade Concerts and conducted them for nearly fifty years and achieved remarkable success in popularising good music in Britain. The art and music world of Britain has sustained a great loss by the death of the two artists, but it will not fail to commemorate the splendid work done by both in their respective spheres of art.

A movement is already afoot to raise a memorial to Sir Edwin Lutyens in the form of the publication of three or more volumes covering all the aspects of his life and, if possible, of an annual scholarship at the School of Architecture of the Royal Academy. Similar honour, it is hoped, will also be extended to Sir Henry Wood. India has yet to learn, from the civilised countries, the important lesson of perpetuating the names of great artistes. The memorials to the artistes—old or contemporary—of outstanding merits ought to be raised as symbols of appreciation of their contributions to art and also as sources of inspiration to the people.

A modern Indian painting by Mr. P. T. Reddy, G. D. Art, Bombay, who is shortly holding an exhibition of his works in aid of the Kasturba Memorial Fund.

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HUMAN FACTOR IN INDUSTRY

INDUSTRIAL STATESMANSHIP. By H. Birchard Taylor, Vice-President, Cramp Shipbuilding Company, Philadelphia. Foreword by Hon. George Wharton Pepper, pp. 14.

This pamphlet contains an address given by Mr. Taylor at a meeting on "War Production for Victory" on April 18, 1943. Mr. Taylor has been associated with Cramp for about forty years and had not found a solution of the problem arising out of the human factor in industry till he came across the M.R.A. (Moral Re-Armament) movement inaugurated by Dr. Frank Buchman. The Cramp Shipyard which was founded in 1830 and has since then served America in five wars was reopened in the present war after it had been closed for nearly fourteen years. "The most difficult factor in producing intricate naval craft in such a short time was not" says Mr. Taylor, "the securing of materials or of men or of technical skills, but the intangible factor of building a united team spirit that had the will to work, that was freed from jealousies and suspicion and that pulled together as one for the national interest above every other consideration whatever". To-day in the Cramp Shipyard, the Labour-Management Committee has proved an instrument of relations which the Yard never had before in its long history. This Committee has to deal with the relations between management and Labour as they affect production Matters relating to grievances are taken up in accordance with the procedure specified in the contract with the Union. Mr. Taylor has been pleased with the results of this new policy. The Committee has been instrumental in fostering mutual trust between Management and Labour, and in one of the yard's departments the absenteeism which had reached a painfully high peak was cut to a pleasingly low level by the joint efforts of the labour and management leaders. What is still more important is that the workers did their jobs enthusiastically with the result that the rate of production per man was higher than before. Another important gain due to the policy of mutual trust, pointed out by Mr. Taylor, is the saving of what he calls 'the overhead cost of bluff and fear'. The M.R.A. movement is called by him "the new era of industrial statesmanship". In fact, the last great war had seen a similar movement. In his "Man To Man" Mr. Leitch describes experiments in this mutual trust policy between Management and Labour. In Great Britain there were Joint Works Committees and Associations for making the Joint Works Committees popular. However this movement was unable to stand the strain of trade depression and unemployment in the post-war period. Let us wish the M.R.A. movement a better fate in the days when the necessity for the unity of industrial and military fronts will no longer be felt.

P. G. K.

War And Indian Economic Policy

The Gokhale Institute of Politics and Economics has published the second edition of its publication No. 10 entitled "War and Indian Economic Policy."

The second edition, now published, is enlarged by the addition of Part III This new part is divided into 3 sections. The first section critically examines the developments during 1943-44. The second section contains a detailed and thorough account of the anti-inflationary measures adopted by both the Central and Provincial Governments during 1943-44. The third section critically appraises the situation at the end of March 1944 and indicates the new measures called for. It is pointed out that a clear definition of objectives and a specific direction to controls is urgently called for. In the opinion of the authors two immediate steps are necessary. Firstly a stop should be put to any further expansion of note issue by the direct imposition of a maximum limit. Secondly, the various aspects and instruments of economic control should be centred round and co-ordinated by a policy of comprehensive price control. The main objective of price control should be to stabilise prices at as low a level as circumstances permit. The authors argue that the interests of the poor consumer rural as well as urban, and the small producer, agricultural as well as non-agricultural, demand this. It is also indicated as the right policy by the consideration of the post-war situation, internal as well as international. The price level of agricultural produce, should provide the nucleus for a plan of price control and the main determinant measure of the level of stabilization should be the All-India statory prices of the main cereals

EUROPE'S FALLING POPULATION

THE FUTURE POPULATION OF EUROPE AND THE SOVIET UNION: POPULATION PROJECTIONS, 1940-1970 League of Nations Publication, 1944: IIA.2 Price Rs. 9-6.

More people are alive in Europe today than existed in the entire world at any one time prior to 1650. Europe's 540 million in 1939 were the descendants of about 100 million living in Europe in the middle of the seventeenth century. Since 1850 the population has doubled since 1860 it has almost tripled and in the three centuries it has increased more than fivefold.

This tremendous expansion of population in the modern era reached its greatest tempo in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Today it is rapidly fading. The implications of present trends, as carried out in the population projections of this study, point to the cessation of European population growth and to decline *within a generation* in Europe outside the U.S.S.R., over and above the inroads of huge war losses.

These projections, prepared by Dr. Notestein and four members of the staff of the Office of Population Research for the Economic, Finacial and Transit Department of the League of Nations, represent the populations that would arise in the undisturbed evolution of past demographic trends. They are intended to be of practical value to governments in the determination of their policies and in their plans for rebuilding the world after the war.

The projection of vital rates was based on generalizations drawn from European experience of the interwar decades, applied systematically to each country in turn. Technical appendices present detailed methodological notes a history of the development of population estimates, and a selected bibliography on population projections. More than fifty charts and maps are included, as well as detailed tables of each projection.

Z

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

U. S. S. R. IN A NUTSHELL

SOVIET CYCLOPAEDIA: A Portrait in Miniature of the U.S.S.R. By P. T. Chandra.

Those who have had occasion to come across some of Mr. Chandra's previous publications like "The Indian Cyclopaedia" and "World At A Glance", must have noticed his knack of cramming within a small compass a thousand and one interesting and useful bits of information, garnered from here, there and everywhere with the zeal of a connoisseur. The present compilation displays the same skill in the handling of facts that are worth knowing about Soviet Russia, its constitution, its peoples and their institutions, and achievements. The subjects are arranged alphabetically, from A to Z to facilitate easy reference. Any reader going through this work of 130 and odd pagges will acquire a fairly comprehensive knowledge of the tremendous strides which the U.S.S.R. has made during the past quarter of a century in all fields of human endeavour,—strides which have enabled her people successfully to combat Nazi tyranny. The cyclopaedia, which includes several illustrations, should serve as an excellent pocket guide-book to Soviet Russia. The book can be had from Mr. P. T. Chandra, Bharat Building, Rattan Chand Road, Lahore. Its price is Rs. 2/8.

CHILDREN ON THE PLAYGROUND

My dear Sisters and Brothers,

"True brotherhood is a sort of a bridge", writes Brother Lilo V. Panjwani (14 years), "that can help us to cross the barriers of caste, colour and creed." And then he has narrated an instance of "True Brotherhood" as related to him by his class master in one of his periods at school:—

An Englishman was confined to bed due to some ailment. He got a letter from an Indian. The letter read thus: "I am sorry to learn about your illness. I know you are lonely You must be feeling more lonely now because of your indisposition. I shall be happy to do you some service."

Now that Indian was not a subordinate of that Englishman at all. Neither had he any selfish motive of getting any money or title. He was an educated man and highly cultured. He was no other than Sadhu Hiranand—a great hero of Sind.

Verily, true brotherhood means disinterested and unselfish love for all—Love, not in the abstract sense only, but in the practical sense—Love that shines in every deed that we do, every thought that we think and every word that we speak!

★

Sister Mary Mody (7 years) has described a Zoo of her imagination in the following verse:—

I went to a Zoo one day
I was happy and gay.
There I saw a black bear,
Sitting on a stone chair.
There I saw a chimpanzee,
Drinking his hot tea.
There I saw I pretty deer,
Running away in fear.
There I saw tigers three,
From the cage looking at me.
But I didn't see the Polar bear,
Sniffing the frosty air.
I did not see animals all,
'Cause I slipped and had a fall!

★

"The Queen's Misfortune" is a story sent by Sister Vijayalakshmi Iyer (11 years):—

Once there was a king. He had no children. After some years he got a son. The king was very pleased that he got a son.

But it was of no use. His happiness turned into sorrow after a few days, because an astrologer said that the prince would not be healthy unless the queen died And that meant that the queen would not see her son well and happy.

So the king felt very unhappy. The prince did not appear strong and healthy. Because of this thought of sorrow the queen died. After the queen's death, the prince's health began to improve.

The prince was well educated. There was no other person who could be compared with the king's son in that country. But still the king was sorry that the queen had been so unfortunate that she could not see her son healthy and happy.

★

Brother Asghar Ali Hussain (9 years) has sent the following ten Health Rules:—

Eat less, chew more,
Ride less, walk more,
Clothe less, bathe more,
Worry less, work more,
Idle less, play more,
Talk less, think more,
Go less, sleep more,
Waste less, give more,
Scold less, laugh more,
Preach less, practise more,

★

"Payment by Results" is the title of an anecdote sent by Brother William Isaacs (15 years):—

Although he had his good points, Tommy was no scholar. When the school exams came along, his father said:

"If you score fifty marks out of a hundred, my boy, I'll buy you a bicycle."

Then, one day, Tommy brought home the results and handed them over in silence. Father ran his eye down the list. Then he asked sadly:

"Well, Tommy, what will you have—two spokes or a brake clip?"

★

The Sadashiv Peth Centre of the Poona Balkan-ji-Bari arranged a variety entertainment show on the 19th August, under the presidentship of Shri Vasantrao Deshmukh, President, Poona Municipality, and contributed Rs. 201, the sum realised on the occasion, towards the Kasturba Fund.

★

On the day when this "Corner" appears, the Third Bombay Provincial Balkan-ji-Bari Workers' Camp will be going on at Ghatkopar in Seth Dhanji Devshi Rashtrya Shala, Upashraya Road. It will continue upto Monday, 4th September, evening. I shall be able to write something about its experiences in the next week's "Corner".

All Good Wishes from
Your loving Dada
"GULISTAN", KHAR-BMBAY 21.

CHILDREN ON THE SEASHORE

The LAST PAGE

Conducted by CHRONICLER

There is a classical story told of a London newspaper editor who wanted to scoop all his rivals in giving the result of the annual Oxford-Cambridge Boat Race which is so eagerly awaited by millions of partisans of the Cantabs and the Oxonians.

This far-sighted and resourceful editor had a brain-wave which would enable him to bring out a special supplement announcing the result of the Race, within a few seconds of the finish, thus beating all other papers by at least an hour. He got two supplements ready in advance—one printed in light blue ink announcing an Oxford victory the other printed in dark blue ink announcing a Cambridge triumph. Hours before the race began both supplements were kept ready, one to be rushed out the moment a flash came to say which team had won. News-boys stood by, like horses at the starting gate prepared to snatch the bundles and rush out. And the editor rubbed his hands in glee, in anticipation of his triumph over his rivals.

But the joyful anticipation turned into dismay. That year, the result was, for once, a dead heat.

By the time a third one was prepared and printed, all the other papers were already selling their supplements on the streets.

*

"To-day" Became An Uncertain To-morrow!

Something like that happened to Indian journalists when, at the eleventh hour, the Gandhi-Jinnah meeting set for August 20 or 21, was postponed owing to the sudden indisposition of the "Qaid-e-Azam".

August 20 was a Saturday and the next day naturally was a Sunday. And so all the Saturday and Sunday papers for that week were prepared in anticipation of the fact that their appearance would synchronise with the beginning of the momentous talks. On Thursday afternoon when some of the Saturday papers were already in press came the bomb-shell: The talks were postponed at least for some weeks.

It was a terrible let-down. Last minute changes were made to avoid a major "faux pas", in some cases, after the first few copies had been printed. "Today" was changed to "Soon"—the present tense hurriedly converted into 'Immediate future'! And yet it was too late to change the entire make-up of papers that had been specially designed to 'cover' the talks. Thus "People's War" the Communist Party weekly, came out on Saturday with a special issue dedicated to the success of the talks, with a long special article by C. P. I. Secretary, P. C. Joshi, entitled "THEY SHALL NOT FAIL", beginning with the words, "The Gandhi-Jinnah meeting is a great event in the national history of India . . The great leaders . . . are meeting to see if they can come together, if a United Front can be established to put an end to British insolence."

"BLITZ" started off with a significant front page headline: "ZERO HOUR" FOR INDIA! and featured a double-column block of Ghandiji and Mr. Jinnah with the caption: "BLITZ wishes them good luck", instead of an editorial.

"The Hindustan Times" weekly edition came out that Sunday with a brilliant but unfortunately "premature" MERE GOSSIP column by "Super" on "What REALLY happened at Mount Pleasant Road" along with an interesting signed article by confrere E. Narayanan ('alter ego' of "Super") on Mr. Jinnah and his house "NO DUST ON MOUNT PLEASANT."

The local MIRROR self-consciously and painstakingly anti-Pakistan, warned "NO MUNICH ON MOUNT PLEASANT," though it was obviously careful to make the necessary last-minute changes in its tenses.

We ourselves were slightly luckier and had time to scrap or hold-over the several articles, features, photographs and cartoons that we had specially prepared for the occasion. THE LAST PAGE almost became a casualty when the paragraphs originally written for the occasion were substituted by others scribbled at a moment's notice. And, worst of all, we had to turn poets and improvise additional verses to go with GHATAK'S page-full of cartoons which were too good to be held-over.

But beggars can't be choosers, and journalists can't complain if leaders happen to fall ill at an inconvenient moment upsetting the advance arrangements of week-end publications.

*

Unemployed Khaksars

Actually, the journalists were not the only "mice and men" whose schemes were thrown out of gear. There was ironical humour, for instance, in the following paragraph which appeared simultaneously with the announcement that the talks were postponed.

> The Director of Information, Bombay, writes:—
>
> The citizens of Bombay are reminded that all public meetings and processions are banned, consequently no processions or public meetings will be permitted without the authority of the Commissioner of Police during the meeting between Mr. Gandhi and Mr. M. A. Jinnah.
>
> They are further warned that during this meeting no crowds will be allowed to collect on Malabar Hill which will be closed to all members of the public, who do not reside in this area.

Indeed, I remember that this flat of the Police Commissioner created quite a lot of resentment among those thousands of local citizens who habitually take their evening 'constitutional' on Ridge Road ending up with a few minutes in the Hanging Gardens.

Another disappointed group were the earnest quixotic Khaksars who, in their hundreds, arrived in Bombay from all parts of India, at the command of their leader, Alama Mashriqui, to "help"—by means of peaceful coercion!—the two leaders to arrive at a settlement. The actual programme which they were supposed to follow to achieve this desirable result still remains a mystery. Probably the rank-and-filers, like the Allied Commandos, were to be given instructions only on the dawn of D-Day. But I did hear a student Khaksar say that they had "come determined not to let Gandhiji and Mr. Jinnah part without a settlement." I suppose some sort of picketing was intended at the gate of Mr. Jinnah's residence—and possibly the Police Commissioner's order was issued to avoid this contingency.

*

India Wins!

The journalists were out-scooped. Rajaji was left standing on Wardha Railway station. Khaksars were rendered unemployed and forced to employ their time in selling literature and polishing shoes. The Police Commissioner was left with a declaration in his hands which made him look a little silly. The Special Correspondents who had rushed all the way from New Delhi to Bombay had to go back without their "story." But there was one other man whose plans were upset by Mr. Jinnah's sudden illness. Indeed, it was a case of sheer poetic justice—the saboteur finding that his carefully timed bomb had actually gone off too prematurely!

The talks were expected to begin on Saturday. On Friday morning New Delhi published the Gandhi-Viceroy correspondence. It was (like the two boat race supplements of the London editor) a brilliant brain-wave—yet it misfired owing to an incalculable factor. In London it was the unexpected dead-heat, both boats crossing the winning line together,—neck-to-neck, as they say in horse racing parlance,—which upset the shrewd editors' calculations. In India a little flu germ did the trick. And Wavell's time-bomb exploded in thin air. The confusion of the Viceroy, however, will be complete only when the two political boats of Gandhi and Jinnah race to a dead-heat, and both alternate supplements announcing 'JINNAH WINS' and 'GANDHI WINS' have to be substituted by a third—'INDIA WINS'!

*

The flu germ is a more potent creature than we dream of.
—We know.

WHEN WILL THE WAR END?

A Soviet cartoon answers the question that is on everyone's lips.

It has today overwhelmed us, too.

*

An Absent-Minded Professor

Doctor Sir Ziauddin Ahmed is one of the major purveyors of humour in the Central Assembly.

The Vice-Chancellor of the Aligarh Muslim University is a product of Cambridge and Gottingen (Germany) universities where he distinguished himself as a brilliant mathematician. Countless legends are current about his professional absent-mindedness, most of which are untrue, of course. One typical example: The Doctor entered his bed-room after a tiring day, placed his walking stick comfortably on the bed and stood himself in a corner!

Since his entry in the Assembly, the Doctor has used his mathematical knowledge to become a formidable statistician, the tenor of the Treasury Benches. On Railway Finance matters he is an authority and he augments his speeches with a terrifying array of figures and statistics. He brings a dozen bulky tomes with him whenever he speaks and flings quotations from them at his opponents with deadly precision.

The Doctor has several bees in his bonnets: One of them is capitalism—by 'capitalism' he generally means 'Hindu capitalism' believing the two terms to be synonymous. He prefers to ignore the presence of Muslim capitalists, some of whom are his friends and patrons of his University. Despite his antagonism to 'Hindu capitalism', he is no Red, not even a pink Socialist.

It is interesting to find, therefore, that for the next Assembly Session he has given notice, among others, of the following resolution which is sure to provide plenty of amusement when it is discussed in the Assembly:

> "Whereas the programme of 15 years' plan prepared by the capitalists of India is the outcome of unholy alliance between the Indian and foreign capitalists and whereas the adoption of these proposals would ultimately destroy the cottage industries in this country and whereas these proposals are the shortest route to turn India into a Bolshevik country this Assembly recommends to the Governor-General-in-Council not to entertain these proposals in the interests of the people of this country."

Here is Doctor Ziauddin revealed in all his absent-minded professorial confusion. He sneeringly refers to "Capitalists" as if he was a Socialist; he attacks the "unholy alliance" with "Foreign Capitalists" as if he was a nationalist; he fears the destruction of cottage industries as if he was a Gandhi-ite; he warns against the "shortest route to turn India into a Bolshevik country"—as if he was a Capitalist. And, finally, he appeals to the Governor-General to reject these proposals "in the interests of the people of this country"—as if he was an incorrigible optimist.

Actually, he is none of these things. He is only—an absent-minded professor of mathematics!

*

Memo To An English Journalist

Complaints have reached this department that a certain English journalist, much in the news lately, has been losing his temper much too often.

We had always been told that a sense of humour is an indispensable part of British character. Did our confrere leave it behind in Fleet Street?

Those who seek fame—or secure it unsought—have to pay the penalty of public criticism, even satire and ridicule. And, unless the bounds of decency are crossed all manner of comment and caricature are permissible in this harmless game which journalists play with public figures in every country not governed by a humourless dictator.

Surely a journalist should be the last person to develop a prima donna's thin skin and start indulging in Billingsgate every time his name is mentioned by a fellow-scribe!

The Truth About

BRITAIN'S 'GOOD TIME' GIRLS!

By F. R. MASON In "Tit-Bits"

The problem of the independent working girl is beginning trouble in Indian families.

It would, therefore, be of interest to read this article which throws a revealing light on the social problem created by the "Good Time" girls in Britain.

Many of Britain's girls, if we are to believe the alarmists, are heading straight for destruction; the have too much money, no parental control and no guidance as to how they should spend their leisure. Other critics maintain that the youth of this country is as sound as ever it was. What is the truth?

Magistrates, clergymen, and others have expressed anxiety at the growth in numbers of "good-time girls" among young people between the ages of sixteen and eighteen. Too many of them have become undisciplined and even uncontrollable, spending their spare time in public houses and undesirable resorts, and with no other thought than as rapidly as possible to acquire a "boy friend." Some have lapsed into immorality and crime.

The Bishop of Chelmsford has declared that "the home life's very foundations are crumbling before our very eyes, and parental control and filial respect are sentiments which largely speaking, belong to a dead past."

"Now we've bought the 'all Liz, we ought to 'ave some old masters on the walls."
"Yeah! And let them all know I've been in Service I suppose."

Many mothers today find it impossible to control their sixteen-year-old daughters who stay out till all hours of the night and will brooke no "interference" with their liberty. They are too old for childish punishments and the war has brought them financial independence, so that "economic sanctions" cannot be applied.

Home And Discipline

In every war, home life is the first casualty. In many cases fathers are serving in the Forces, and mothers—even those who have not been drafted into industry—find themselves so fully occupied with the difficulties of wartime housekeeping that they have little time for bringing up a family. Girls and boys are enjoying unwonted freedom, and in a number of cases they are abusing it.

Let there be no mistake—Britain's youth is still sound at the core. If adolescents are undisciplined, it is very much more their parents' fault than their own. A mother and father who have wisely exercised parental control in the past will not now find themselves faced with the problem of rebellious children. The youngsters who come before our juvenile courts are for the most part spoilt children—spoilt by their parents' failure to influence them or crushed and repressed by excessive severity.

Duty Shirked

We must face the fact that not all married couples are ideal parents. Girls go out into the world to earn their own livings and find their own interests with no kind of proper preparation. Many of them are ignorant of any kind of sex education, or even more deplorably, have gained what knowledge they have from the whispers of schoolfellows. Too many parents shirk their plain duty to tell their children clearly and simply all they need to know about the facts of life: they are still obsessed with the old stupid idea that it is not a subject one can discuss with one's own child. Thus the young girl faces perils of the very existence of which she is unaware—perils from which an hour's conversation with a sensible, right-minded elder woman could have saved her.

What is the remedy? Drastic proposals have been put forward, including even a curfew that would forbid young people under the age of eighteen to be in the streets after eight o'clock at night. This suggestion seems to be neither practicable nor desirable: it savours too much of Gestapo methods, and the fact that so many youngsters are in the Home Guard, the Civil Defence, and other services would make it impossible to carry into effect.

A valuable measure would be to increase the number of our women police. In the provincial police forces of England and Wales there are 40,000 men on the strength to only 163 attested women. More than 120 forces employ no women. We need a force of attested women police in every county and city.

In the matter of entertainment, British Restaurants should remain open later and provide dancing facilities. Tea-shops should be available until the buses stop. Public-houses should be supplied with, and compelled to sell, non-alcoholic drinks.

Of all means that can be employed immediately, perhaps the most valuable are girls' clubs and "mixed" clubs.

At the registration of boys and girls of 16 and 17, in 1942, it was found that about 46 per cent. of the boys and 70 per cent. of the girls in England and Wales were neither at school nor in any young people's society. Many of them when asked what were their interests outside work, replied: "Nothing."

Here Is A Remedy

What is the reason for the existence of what the Markham Committee, in its report on the Women's Services in 1942 called this "great irresponsive block of people with no interests at all"? Miss Pearl Jephcott, in "Clubs for Girls" hazards the guess that "when the school's stimulus to take an interest in new things was withdrawn from these particular girls after they left school at fourteen, it was not replaced by any similar encouragement from older people. Many parents never really talk with their children, let alone try to teach them anything."

The girls' clubs can do much—more, probably, than any other existing institution—to fill a girl's leisure with worth-while activities.

The ideal club, says Miss Jephcott, should have "decent tools in the studio—millinery blocks and ironing boards, sewing machines, modelling clay, drawing-boards and T-squares. There should be a workshop for such things as carpentry, upholstery and metal work, for radio building and model making, for bicycle repairing, and for all the hobbies that help to encourage manual skill."

A club kitchen, too, is an ideal work-room, and even in wartime girls—and boys too—can be encouraged to cook dishes for sale at the club canteen.

Apart from her activities in the club itself, there are many ways in which a girl can use her leisure so as to make it valuable to herself and to the community. She can do hospital work, such as mending linen, taking tea into the wards, and changing patients' library books. She can make toys for children, and help with nursery schools and creches. And the girl who occupies her time in this way finds satisfaction in service; she comes to learn that such work is not only more honourable and more "grown-up" than sitting in pubs, but also that it is more fun.

Mothers Of The Future

The girls of today are the mothers of the future; it is one of the most important functions of girls' clubs to help them to realize their responsibilities in this respect. Britain needs more children because, unless the size of today's average family is increased, not only will there be a falling population, but the nation will be overweighted with old people. If present tendencies continue, there will be in fifty years' time twenty-six people of over sixty-five for every baby under five; the community will be run, at great expense, for and by old people, and the freshness, vitality, and enthusiasm that are possible only when there is a fair proportion of young life will have vanished.

It is the young people of today who will inherit, to build and enjoy, the better world for which we are hoping, planning, and, fighting. They must learn to rejoice in their responsibilities as well as in their privileges. In this great educational work the girls' clubs are playing a noteworthy part.

Soviet Films For India—And The World!

By NIKOLAI LARSKY

MOSCOW (By Cable).

Asked about the films to be shipped to England, Australia, India, Canada and Egypt this year, Alexander Andreivsky, Director of the Soyuzintorgkino Organisation, replied, "Two of the new films to be exported at the end of July are "Marriage" and "Jubilee" based on the works of the Russian writer Anton Chekhov and produced on the occasion of the fortieth anniversary of his death. "Jubilee" was directed by Vladimir Petrov, one of the foremost Soviet regisseurs and the producer of the historic films "Peter the First" and "Kutuzov." The roles are played by Soviet theatre and cinema stars Vasili Toprokov, Victor Stantisyn, Olga Androvskya, Anastasia Zuyeva and others. In the film "Marriage" the main roles are rendered by such eminent artistes of the Soviet theatre and screen as Vera Maretskaya, Zoya Fedorova, Sergei Matison, Mikhail Yanshin, Frast Garin and Osip Abduoiv.

A large documentary film to be sent abroad will be "Battle of Sevastopol", also two small war films "Minsk is ours" and "Vitebsk'." "Battle of Sevastopol" shows how Germans were driven from the Crimea. Here the spectator will view the storming of Perekop and landing operations in the district of Kerch. He will see how armed forces of the Soviet Union regained Yalta, Simferopol, Theodosia, Livadia and other Crimean resorts. He will see Soviet Marshals and Generals who directed the operations which drove Germans from the peninsula. The final scenes depict the storming of Sevastopol which restored this heroic city to the Soviet Union. The banners of the U.S.S.R. are shown hoisted over the cupola of Sevastopol panorama.

"In September the English movie goers will see the film "Who is she?" Directed by Leo Arnstam it tells the story of Zoya Kosmodemyanskaya, heroine of the Soviet Union

"In the near future, too, our studios will release a number of full length films some of which will be shipped abroad. The first of these will be "Person Number 217" directed by Mikhail, Romm, a story of Soviet people carried off to slavery in Fascist Germany. These people do not resign themselves to slavery but wage active struggle against the Nazis and eventually escape.

"One of our most outstanding regisseurs Sergei Eisenstein, is completing the production of the first part of the film "Ivan the Terrible" about Tsar reformer Ivan the Fourth, great statesman who began the unification of Russian principalities the formation of a single and mighty Russian state.

"Ivan Pyriev, author of the famous film "Swineherdess and shepherd" will soon finish the picture "At six p. m. after the war", story of a Moscow girl who, during the war, traverses the road from a nursemaid in kindergarten to a lieutenant in the Red Army.

"At the end of the year we will ship films "Bykovtsy", "Malakhov Kurgan" and "Forward men of the Baltic."

The director of "Bykovtsy" is Boris Babochkin known for his role in the film "Chapayev" when he played the part of this army leader of the Civil War of 1918-1921. "Malakhov Kurgan" directed by Alexander Zarkhi and Joseph Kheifits depicts the heroic defence of Sevastopol during the great Patriotic War. "Forward men of the Baltic" tells the story of Baltic fleet sailors who came to aid their native Leningrad, shows the fleet in action and depicts life in Leningrad during the blockade.

"British moviegoers will also see Vsevolod Pudovkin's film "Admiral Nakhimov."

Frederick Ermler is working on the film "Army general" which is a story of the Russian army leaders, men whose strength of will and mastery of military science have forged victory over the enemy.

"About twenty documentary and art films will be sent to England before the end of the year."

Andrievsky, not only Director of the Soyuzintorgkino but also regisseur and author of several films, is now engaged on the creation of stereoscopic films. Discussing this, his latest work, he said that a special stereoscopic film studio will be set up in Moscow for the production of films and all necessary apparatuses including stereoscopic screens. Engineer Ivanov, inventor of the Russian stereoscopic film, has considerably improved his equipment during the war. Five of his new inventions have solved the problem of lighting amplification (increasing lighting intensivity three-fold) and of improving visibility not only for those in stalls as heretofore, but also for those in the balcony seats.

Production has already begun on the large stereoscopic film "Robinson Crusoe." Filming will be done in the southern sections of the Soviet Union, mostly in the subtropics of Ajaristan and Abkhazia.

Courtesy "Glasgow Forward"

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Badrinath And Himalayas

A view of the Himalayas

The Himalayas have played a great part in the development of Indian thought and culture. One look at the map of India will show why, for they have dominated the Indian mind in the same way as they dominate and tower over the plains of Hindustan. Nature has always played a very important part in the early thought and religion of Man, and it was nature in the form of snow-covered mountains that made the deepest impression on the Indian mind.

It is the great mountain barrier stretching across the northern frontier of India, that holds in the vital monsoon, and gives rise to great rivers, which bear water and life to the plains. Indian literature, poetry and mythology are permeated with the breath of the Himalayas—the Himalayas, centre of the world and throne of the great gods.

There was a time when man lived in fellowship with nature, believing that all things which moved or changed had minds and bodies kindred to his own. Then must the Himalayas have seemed some mighty creature indeed! So terribly immense, so terribly pure, so terribly aloof! And when he was angry, his brows were overshadowed with blackness and he spoke with the thunder of avalanches, brushing aside the puny human being who enraged him, or who dared to try and be familiar with him, with the ease and contempt that became such a mighty being. Sometimes he veiled himself from the vulgar gaze with clouds. Sometimes he got himself a new robe of purest white, leaving only his black fangs and claws uncovered. Sometimes he moved, with many a loud roar and bellow, as if in pain. But always he was cold and cruel, inhospitable and distant. To the primitive mind, nothing could be more impressive than strength, the power to harm, and contempt of him. And so man respected him and did his best to keep him as his friend and ally.

Home Of The Gods

As time passed and man's intellect grew, he made an important discovery. He found that there was something that dwelt in his body and yet was not part of it. It was quite independent and distinct, and it was this something that thought, decided, and desired. It was the discovery of this mind, or soul, or genius, or spirit that led on to the conception of a life after death. Having discovered a soul in himself, man likewise ascribed a soul to the various forms of matter around him. Later when he became capable of classifying, the several ghosts or gods of the several stars became one god of all the stars, and the several gods of the several trees became one god of all the trees.

Thus it was with the Himalayas. The mountains which were once worshipped for themselves, out of reverence and fear, were now held sacred because they were the home of the gods, and dear to them. The gods had human characteristics, for man could not yet conceive of characters other than those he knew. And so some were good, while others were bad. They loved and hated, quarrelled, fought, had jealousies and vanities just as men had. Indian mythology records their many adventures in the Ramayana and Mahabharata, imperishable contributions to the literature of the world.

When the elements were worshipped in the raw, as it were, a land giving rise to great rivers was naturally looked on as holy. And when gods took the place of the elements, such a land would become the home of the gods, or commemorate some of their exploits. Such a land is Uttara-khand, or Garhwal. This country, situated almost in the centre of the two-thousand mile mountain range, is famous for its sacred shrines which are dotted about in it in extravagant profusion. And attached to each of these is a long mythological and legendary history.

Out of these, the four most important are the shrines of Jamnatri, Gangotri, Kedarnath and Badrinath; and of these four, Badrinath is the greatest. All four are situated at the sources of rivers. Jamnotri is at the head of the River Jumna, the main tributary of the Ganges. Gangotri, Kedarnath and Badrinath are at the sources of the three main affluents of the Ganges; the Bhagirathi, the Mandakini, and the Alaknanda.

Source Of Ganges

Badrinath is not at the actual source of the river, but a few miles below it where the valley opens out into a fairly large level tract, at a height of just over 10,000 feet above sea level. The river actually rises from the Bhagat Kharak and Satopanth glaciers above Badrinath. Some of the devouted pilgrims make their way up to the source, but even they do not go to these glaciers, but to the beautiful waterfall of Basudhara, some distance below the glaciers.

This waterfall is far more impressive than chocolate coloured river emerging from under a dirty old glacier, so that though Basudhara may not be the source from the geographical point of view, it certainly is from the aesthetic or spiritual! The waterfall is generally taken to be "where the Ganges falls from the foot of Vishnu, like the slender thread of the lotus flower," mentioned in the Skanda Purana. Kalidasa writes about the descent of Ganga on to Siva's head,

"Bright Ganga with her heavenly waves
Himalaya's head with sacred water laves,
Bearing the flowers the seven great sages fling,
To crown the forehead of the mountain king."

The seven sages are the seven Rishis, or the seven stars of the Great Bear.

Myth And Legends

This area of the Himalayas has played a large part in mythology,

By AAMIR ALI

A tourist to the Badrinath journeys into the past and tells of the fascinating myths and legends attached to the holy place in the Himalayas.

and there are few mountain peaks in the district which have not found their way into legend and folk lore. Nilkanta, the beautiful pyramid peak, visible from Badrinath, is the god with the Blue Neck. For once upon a time, when the gods were churning the ocean, one of the fourteen things to come out of it was poison. No one was willing to dispose of this, but at last Siva agreed to drink it. He drank the poison but kept it stored in his neck, which thus turned blue.

Dunagiri, one of the most impressive peaks of the Zaskar Range, was taken to Lanka (Ceylon), when Lakshman, brother of Rama, had been wounded in the battle against Ravana, and was in need of the healing herb, Sanjivani. Kedarnath marks the spot where, according to one authority, 'Sadasiva, a form of Siva, in his flight from the Pandavas, assumed the form of a buffalo and attempted to dive into the earth to escape his pursuers, but left his hind quarters on the surface'. A rock is still, worshipped as part of the deity. Above Badrinath, in the Satopanth glacier, there is a triangular lake, where God himself, in the form of the Trinity, had come to do penance. This has become a favourite place for ascetics, and in summer many a *sadhu* and *sanyasin* comes for meditation and penance to one of the numerous caves round about. There is a legend of one Dandi Swami, who lived in that desolate place for three years, summer and winter. He survived the snow-bound winters by going into 'samadi', or a trance, and in this semi-comatose condition, though his mind was active, his body lived without food or water.

Where GODS Dwell!

Here Krishna Stood!

Badrinath has had a chequered and colourful history, the details of which would fill many an interesting volume. Mentions of it in the ancient Puranas and in the Mahabharata prove that it was founded many thousands of years ago. At first it was an ashram, or rest house, where sages came for meditation and taught their followers. At Badrinath, Krishna and Arjun had practised self-immolation or austerities. Krishna, the most popular of the nine incarnations of Vishnu, "had stood here for one hundred years on one foot, with arms aloft, subsisting on air, with his outer garments thrown off and his body emaciated and with veins swollen."

For some years the Buddhists overran Badrinath, and having destroyed the image, set up their own rituals. In the seventh century, Shankaracharya, implacable enemy of Buddhism, drove the Buddhists out of the country, and restored the image, which, tradition informs us, he found in a sheltered part of the river. He advocated the pilgrimage to the shrine, and the annual flow of pilgrims prevented any reversion to Buddhism. And every summer, since that day thousands of pilgrims have undertaken the holy journey to the far-away shrine. In our times every year, some forty or fifty thousand pilgrims toil up the steep slopes and rugged contours of Garhwal, in search of that spiritual food for which man perpetually craves, and which he does not find in bread alone.

The Lure Persists

There have been many changes since Shankaracharya's day. The road now is a good one, maintained by the P.W.D. and lined with numerous "chattis" or rest houses. Badrinath itself has grown into a flourishing township with ugly corrugated iron roofs, and numerous shops, offering anything from potatoes to peanuts, and from books to drugs. It is deserted during the winter, but is a busy place from May to November. It is connected to the outside world, by a telegraph wire, and thus has civilisation penetrated deep into the heart of the Himalaya.

But amidst all this change, one thing has remained immutable, and that is the lure, the impulse that attracts men to-day with the same force as it did a thousand years ago. Though not too difficult to understand, it is very difficult to estimate in words what exactly this lure is. It is fairly obvious that it cannot be wholly explained away by saying that men go in the hope of gaining forgiveness for their sins, by thus atoning for them, and in order to accrue merit for their next incarnation. Doubtless this is a strong motive, for most of the people are brought up on tales and legends of the miraculous powers of a pilgrimage to Badrinath. One legend relates how a young hunter won full forgiveness for his crimes by 'darshan' or worship, at Badrinath. And his crimes were enormous, for he had slain eighteen Brahmins in order to win a beautiful girl. Another legend relates how a rich trader's family was made to do the round of all the

(Continued On Page 12)

(1) The snows of Himachal (2) on the road to (3) Badrinath.

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